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FEBRUARY 4, 1899

THE
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AN
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WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1899

WITH EXTRA FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT
"Farming and Sport in Newfounland"

PRICE NINEPENCE
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After the marriage at Brecon the wedding party travelled by special train to London, and the wedding breakfast was served in the saloon carriage on the way. When the train came out from the Severn tunnel the wedding cake was cut. Baroness Cederström successfully divided it with a long knife, the Baron guiding her hand.

MADAME PATTI'S MARRIAGE: THE BRIDE CUTTING THE WEDDING CAKE

DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I., FROM A SKETCH IN THE TRAIN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, T. H. THOMAS

Topics of the Week

"THE Napoleons have no luck," said old King Jerome of Westphalia to the late Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg at the height of the most brilliant epoch of the Second Empire. With equal truth and infinitely more justification it may now be said that the French Republics have no luck. That the Third Republic is in a bad way must be patent to everybody. The French people have fundamental grievances against it, but it is not these which have brought the Republic into bad odour. The Republic has never been as Republican as the people could have wished it. It changed the dynasty without changing the system. It pretended to put Demos in the place of Napoleon, but it simply made another Napoleon with a terminable tenure of office and a great deal less dignity at home and prestige abroad, while the political system and social fabric went on pretty well as before, only rather worse. Instead of the people obtaining an extension of power, a disreputable plutocracy was substituted for a fairly reputable, and certainly very presentable, aristocracy. The result was scandal after scandal, besides some sixty millions sterling of French savings lost in Panama. All this, however, was endured, and the people stuck to the Republic. There is, however, an old saw which tells us, "Quos Deus vult perdere prius dementat." What the fundamental grievances could not bring about the madresses of politicians have contrived. During the last few years there have been few opportunities for blundering of which French statesmen have not availed themselves. M. de Cassagnac said the other day, with no small amount of truth, that the Bonapartists had no reason to be ashamed of Sedan after Fashoda. And Fashoda was a gratuitous folly which wounded the *amour propre* of the French as no blunder of the Second Empire ever wounded it. Then there has been the Dreyfus scandal. Bad enough in its origin, but by no means abnormal, it has been aggravated and exaggerated by the successive stupidities of Ministers, until to-day it threatens not only the Republic but the social peace and the moral sense of the whole country. The latest action of the Government touches a degree of levity quite outside the range of ordinary conception. The one hope of getting

rid of this hideous *affaire* once and for all was by means of a judgment of the Supreme Court delivered in the usual way, by the competent judges. Whatever their decision it would have been legal and final. There would have been no other tribunal to appeal to, and the fanatics might have railed at it in vain. Here was a safe barrier behind which every law-abiding citizen might have taken refuge. Naturally the conspirators who are making use of the Dreyfus case in the interests of Reaction, attacked this tribunal, which was bound ultimately to defeat all their projects. The attack assumed large proportions, but it was never very serious. Nevertheless, it impressed the little men in power. They gave in to it, and proposed a Bill to the Chamber providing for a change of procedure in the High Court. By this means all finality is taken from the case, and the Reactionaries are afforded plenty of time to mature their plans. *Tout passe, tout casse* said a famous Queen of Navarre, and the Third Republic seems about to offer a fresh illustration of the truth of the saying. With every institution compromised, the whole machinery of Government discredited, the Army disaffected, and all sections of the nation disgusted, it is difficult to understand how it can possibly hold out. The Pretenders are already knocking at its gates. One feels that one of them has only to make a bold push and the end is bound to come.

On the surface of things Mr. Balfour appears to have large warrant for anticipating an uneventful, not to say humdrum, Session, so far as domestic politics are concerned. The Opposition is so disorganised and demoralised that even if it had a good cry the walls of the Ministerial Jericho would not be likely to take much harm. In foreign politics, too, more Radicals favour territorial expansion than contraction; since the Fashoda incident there has been a wondrous clearing of the air in that respect. Altogether, the Government has nothing to fear from external attack; the new Opposition leader in the Commons will have all his work cut out to keep his own followers in hand. Mr. Atherley Jones has just given loud warning that he is not at all pleased with the wire-pulling by which the election of a successor to Sir William Harcourt has been secretly arranged beforehand. But that is the very essence of the Caucus system; under its operation the select few always dictate to the unselect

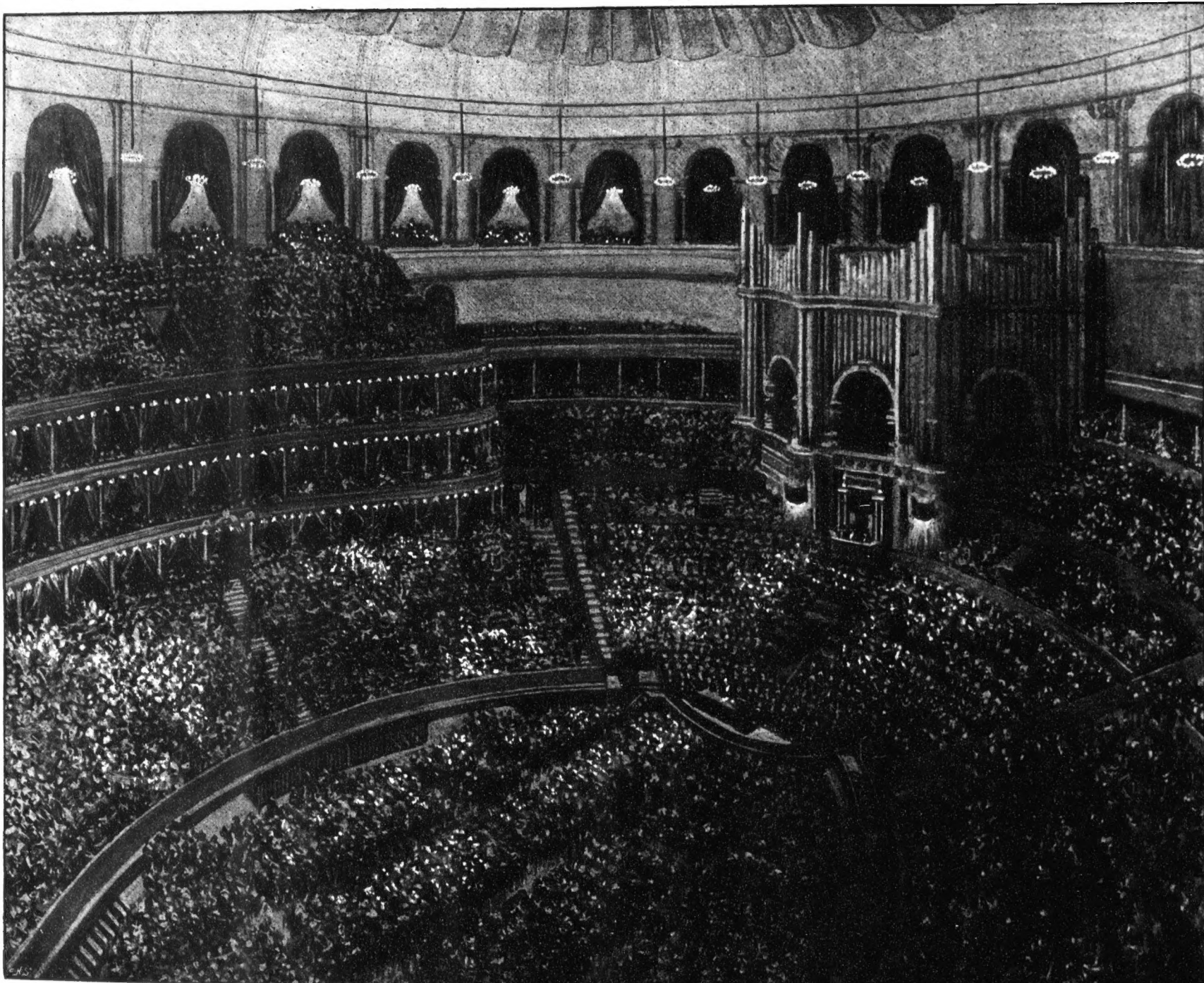
many. As regards the legislative work of the Session, there are one or two items in the Ministerial programme which can scarcely fail to excite strenuous antagonism. All the fanatics of Free Trade will be in arms against Mr. Long's attempt to suppress adulteration of agricultural produce; already it is denounced as veiled Protection. But by far the most burning question of all is that of Church discipline. Here the national feeling is both strong and genuine, going down to the very roots of human consciences. Matters, it is clear, cannot be allowed to drift much farther without bringing Disestablishment into view. Multitudes of sound Unionists, especially in Lancashire, would go right over to the enemy if they believed that Lord Salisbury and his colleagues were but half-hearted in their professed desire to uphold the Protestantism of the Church of England.

Royalty at Home and Abroad

OFFICIAL functions have been prominent this week at Osborne, the Queen holding both an Investiture and a Council. The Duke of York came from Sandringham to be with Her Majesty for the Investiture, which was quite a large affair, some twenty-six gentlemen receiving the New Year's honours of the Order of the Bath, St. Michael and St. George, and the Star of India. Princess Beatrice and a large gathering of Court officials were present, whilst the Queen knighted several of the gentlemen before investing them with the riband and badge of the respective Orders, and fastened the decorations on the other recipients. The Council of Thursday was called for the Queen to finally approve the Royal Speech at the opening of Parliament, and the Duke of Devonshire was among the Ministers present. Lord Salisbury was also expected during the week to dine and sleep at Osborne.

The Queen's great-grandchildren have been raised to the number of thirty-two through the birth of a daughter to the Hereditary Princess of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, third daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg. The Princess already has a son, and this baby arrived just at the time of its grandparents' Silver Wedding. The Duke and Duchess's only son, the Hereditary Prince, is in such delicate health that he has gone to Meran.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are still enjoying their quiet rural life at their Norfolk home, with a few occasional visitors to vary the family circle at Sandringham House. The Prince has been up to town for a day and night, and is expected again at Marlborough House next Monday, but for the present week he is taking a rest, with plenty of time for his favourite country pursuits.



On Tuesday evening a great demonstration "to uphold and maintain the Protestantism of the nation, and to demand the suppression of the Mass and the Confessional in the Established Church," was held in the Albert Hall. About 10,000 persons were present. Lord Kinnaird presided, and resolutions in accordance

with the object of the meeting were spoken to by Lord Overton, Mr. G. Smith, M.P., Colonel Sandys, M.P., Mr. Redcliffe Cooke, and others, and enthusiastically carried.

THE GREAT PROTESTANT DEMONSTRATION IN THE ALBERT HALL: GENERAL VIEW OF THE MEETING

The Bishop of Ripon was the Prince and Princess's guest from Saturday to Monday, preaching before the Royal party at Sandringham Church on Sunday in aid of the Gordon Boys' Home, in which they take such deep interest.

The interview with the Pope was the great event of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught's week's visit to Rome. The Duke and Duchess took their daughters with them, and spent half an hour with His Holiness, who is now quite recovered from his attack of influenza. He inquired most anxiously about the Queen's health, remarking that "Queen Victoria was one of the best safeguards of peace, and on that account God blessed her with good health." Altogether the interview was most cordial, the Pope presenting some beautiful mosaics to the Duke and Duchess on their departure. Later the Duke and Duchess called on Cardinal Rampolla, the Pontifical Secretary of State. Nor was the Quirinal less cordial than the Vatican, for King Humbert and Queen Margherita gave a grand dinner in honour of the Duke and Duchess, besides exchanging several visits. Save, however, for these official functions and a dinner at the British Embassy, the Duke and Duchess spent most of their time as private tourists, taking their daughters round the sights of the Eternal City. A long morning was spent in the Vatican, while few of the important Roman churches and villas were left out of the Royal programme. From Rome the Duke and Duchess went to Naples to embark on H.M.S. *Surprise* for Egypt, where they spend a month. The young Princesses stay at Florence during their parents' absence.

Madame Patti's Wedding-Cake

MADAME PATTI's wedding is probably the first in which the subsequent breakfast has been served in a train. From all accounts the *dîné* was a great success, and was served to the wedding



party without any discomfort on the journey by special train to London. When the train came out of the Severn Tunnel, Madame Patti (or, as she ought now to be called, Baroness Cederström) cut the cake with the Baron's assistance. The cake, which was a very handsome production, was supplied by Messrs Buszard.

The Swiney Prize

DR. GEORGE SWINEY, who died on January 20, 1844, by his will gave 5,000*l.* to the Society of Arts, upon trust, every fifth anniversary of his death, to present to "the author of the best published work on jurisprudence," a silver goblet of the value of 100*l.* containing 100 sovereigns. It is now fifty years since he died, and the prize has been regularly awarded every fifth year to the present time. The Society of Arts are the trustees of the fund, and the award is made by that Society and by the Royal College of Physicians. The prize has hitherto been given alternately for works on general jurisprudence and on medical jurisprudence. This year the prize has been awarded to Dr. J. Dixon Mann, Professor of Forensic Medicine and Toxicology at Owen's College, Manchester, for his work on "Forensic Medicine and Toxicology." Amongst former recipients of the Swiney Prize are such well-known names as Sir Robert Phillimore, Henry Sumner Maine, Dr. W. A. Guy, and Mr. Meymott Tidy, M.B. The goblet, which is an exact replica of the original model, is from a design by the late D. Maclise, R.A.



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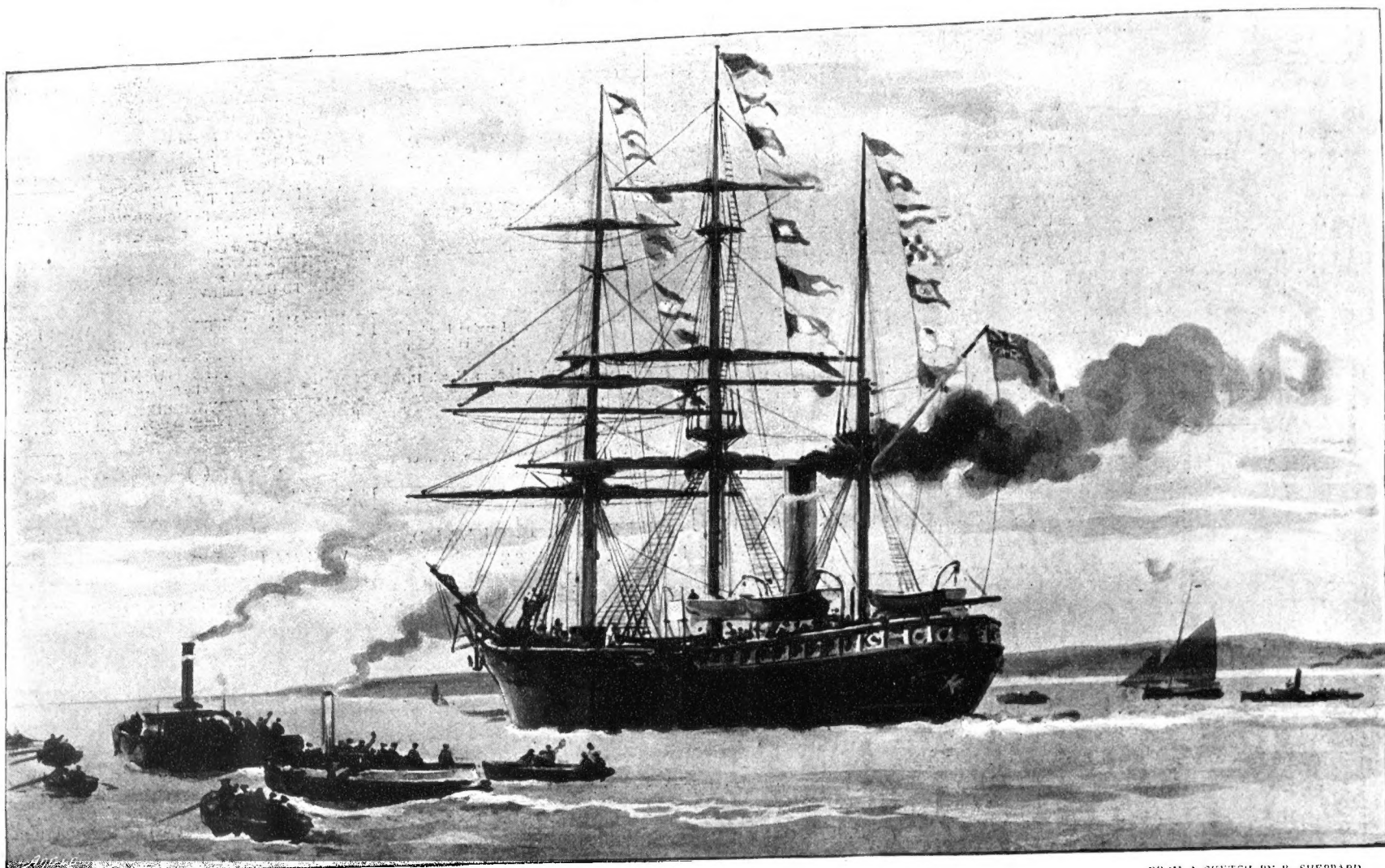
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FROM A SKETCH BY E. SHEPPARD

DRAWN BY J. NASH R.I.

There was much excitement at Hobart on the 7th ult., when Mr. Borchgrevink and his staff left on board the *Southern Cross* for the South Antarctic Ocean. Before the departure the Dean of Hobart conducted an impressive Service on board the vessel. After the Service the Dean called for cheers for

Captain Borchgrevink, which were heartily given by those present. When the vessel left the wharf, she was loudly cheered by the assembled crowd, and as she steamed down the river, escorted by a fleet of pleasure yachts, the ships in the harbour dipped their flags, and some fired salutes.

MR. BORCHGREVINK'S ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION: DEPARTURE OF THE "SOUTHERN CROSS" FROM HOBART, TASMANIA



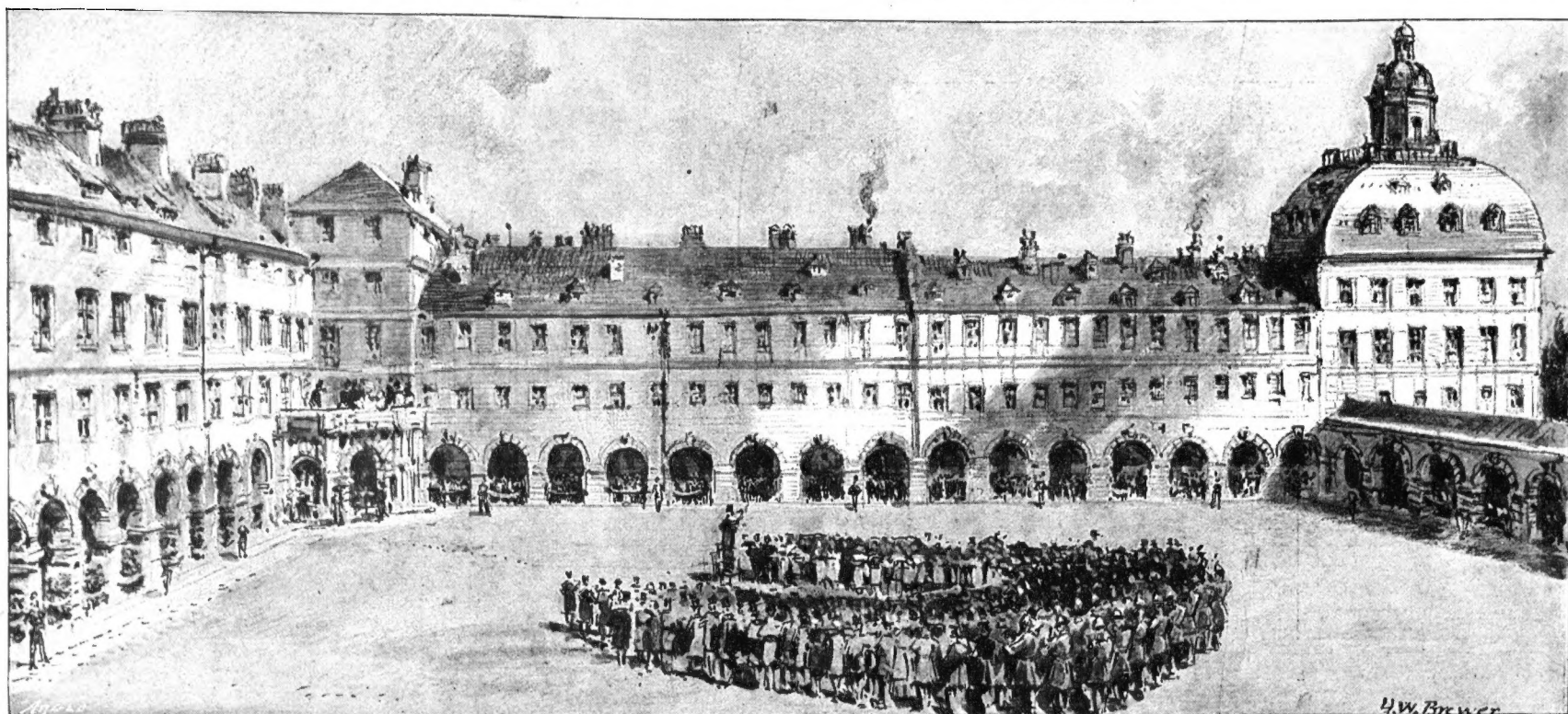
DRAWN BY SYBIL A. H. ROBINSON

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, T. H. THOMAS

The Roman Catholic Church at Brecon, on the occasion of Madame Patti's marriage to Baron Cederström, was tastefully hung with pink and blue drapery, the bride's favourite colours. The altar canopy was of white,

and the floral decorations consisted of white flowers and arum lilies. The best man was Baron Rolf Cederström, and Sir George Faudel Phillips, who was accompanied by Lady Faudel Phillips, gave the bride away.

MADAME PATTI'S MARRIAGE: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM LEAVING THE ALTAR



DRAWN BY H. W. BREWER

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PROF. UHLENHUTH, COBURG

THE SERENADE BY THE COMBINED CHOIRS OF GOTH A IN THE COURTYARD OF THE CASTLE OF FRIEDENSTEIN



SOME OF THE PRESENTS RECEIVED BY THE DUKE AND DUCHESS
THE SILVER WEDDING AT COBURG

From a Photograph by Professor Uhlenhuth, Coburg

The Coburg Silver Wedding

THE Silver Wedding of the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha was celebrated in the Castle of Friedenstein, as described in our issue of last week. The festivities began with a reception attended by the members of the Diplomatic Body, the representatives of the Government, and deputations from the municipal, ecclesiastical and military authorities. In the



Obverse—Actual Size

THE COBURG SILVER WEDDING MEDAL

evening there was a banquet in the Throne Room, at which covers were laid for 150 guests. On the left of the Duke of Coburg were seated the Grand Duchess Sergius of Russia and the Grand Duke of Hesse, while on the right of the Duchess sat the Grand Duke Alexis and the Grand Duchess of Hesse, while opposite were the representatives of foreign Sovereigns. The table service was of massive silver, and conspicuous among the decorative pieces were fifty-eight models of ships of various descriptions, used as *épergnes*, which had been presented at different times to the Duke when he was serving in the British Navy.

Their Royal Highnesses were the recipients of many handsome presents, in commemoration



THE CHAPEL AT FRIEDENSTEIN CASTLE AS DECORATED FOR THE SPECIAL SERVICE

of the occasion. The Queen's gift was four large standard lamps, the massive feet of which were of solid silver. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught gave antique clocks, and the German Emperor's present was also a costly timepiece, made in the Imperial porcelain factory. The Grand Duke of Hesse gave a large oil painting by Van Kaulbach, representing a charming group of the four daughters of the Grand Duke and Duchess. The Dowager Duchess of Coburg presented an oil

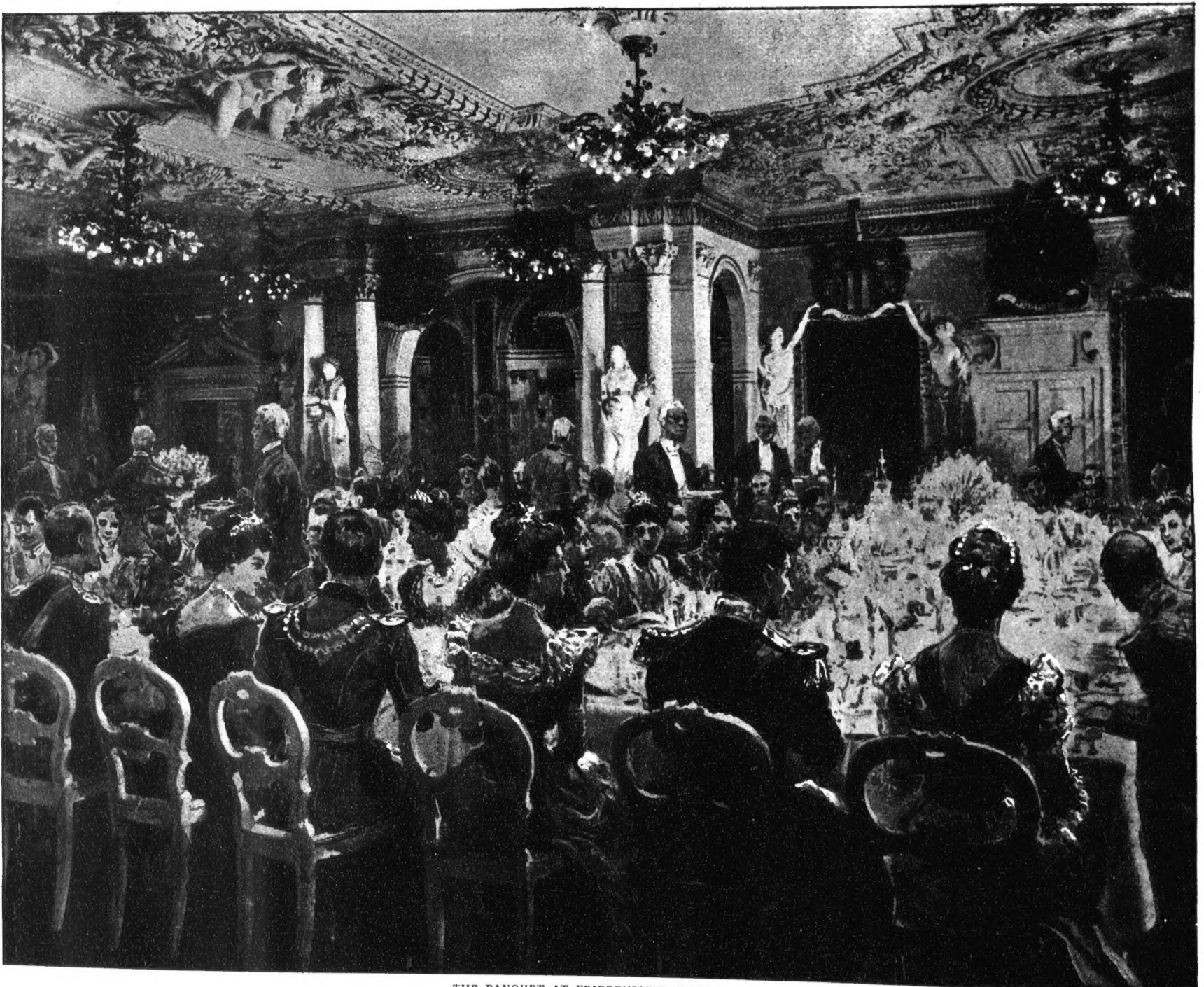


Reverse—Actual Size

THE COBURG SILVER WEDDING MEDAL

painting of the Castle of Rosenau. The Earl of Clarendon and Commander the Hon. Seymour Fortescue, who represented the Queen and the Prince of Wales respectively at the festivities, gave a silver model of a lighthouse, and there were also many presents from friends of the Duke and Duchess in England.

A Silver Wedding Medal has been struck to commemorate the happy occasion, and is to be presented to all who took part in the festivities. The medal is about the size of half-a-crown, and is suspended on green and white ribbon. The obverse of the medal is occupied by the heads of the Duke and Duchess, while on the reverse are the arms of Coburg.



THE BANQUET AT FRIEDENSTEIN CASTLE

THE SILVER WEDDING OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA

From Photographs by Prof. Uhlenhuth, Coburg



MR. ALFRED EAST
Newly elected A.R.A.



M. JULES BRETON
New Honorary Foreign R.A.
From a Sketch by himself



MR. ARTHUR S. COPE
Newly elected A.R.A.

The Royal Academy Elections

By M. H. SPIELMANN

THE Royal Academy tends more and more to represent and to manage the art of England. The influence of its imprimature upon painters and sculptors and their art is undoubted, and now a big scheme is mooted, it is said, that will practically place the art teaching of South Kensington in the hands of the Academy, while the administrative affairs of the English art section at the Paris Exhibition are to be in similar control. For this reason the selection of an Honorary Foreign Academician was anxiously awaited, for such an appointment smacks of diplomacy. The compliments and courtesies of foreign academies must be returned, and our members must prove just in choice and keen in perception.

It must be admitted that the right thing has been done; at any rate, the wrong thing has been avoided, and the fatal error of the rejection of M. Harpignies may perchance be forgiven and forgotten. Monsieur Jules Breton, the exquisite painter of French peasant life, was selected over his youthful but extremely formidable rival, M. Dagnan Bouvet—the final figures being 37 to 18. M. Breton has been painting with his heart, with his soul, as well as with his brush, for full fifty years, and the honour which is offered him at the sunset of his career is intended rather as a token of homage for a great achievement finely accomplished than as a reward for vigorous work in full swing. Had it been otherwise Monsieur Ponnat, an admirable painter, and the present official head of art in France, might have been chosen; while had Puvion de Chavannes been alive he would, without the slightest doubt, have been the painter selected for honour. I may add that Mr. St. Gaudens, the American sculptor, received the full strength of his countrymen's votes (8), and MM. Frémiet, Mercié, Dampé (sculptor), Madame Rosa Bonheur, MM. Bouguereau, Bonnat and Carolus Duran, Herr von Lenbach and Signor Morelli, painters, with M. Cuypers and Herr Ferstel, architects, all had supporters in the electorate.

By the election of Mr. Alfred East (who beat his rival, Mr. Farquharson, by a single point) the Academy is to be congratulated in taking to themselves one of the most poetic of our English painters, a pastoral singer, who has merged into the harmonious note of the Barbizon School the sweet melody of English landscape and English traditions.

Portraiture is once more recognised in the selection of Mr. Cope. His painting is well known as almost uniformly scholarly, sound, and vigorous, full of life and dignity. He never astonishes by unexpected brilliancy, and never disappoints by falling below the expected level. He is, perhaps, at his happiest when painting legal luminaries and Liberal statesmen—indeed, by some he has been dubbed Painter-in-Ordinary to the Liberal Party, and he has proved his title by excellent performances in the Reform Club and elsewhere. He seems to aim at uniting the strength of Holbein with the sobriety of Mr. Ouseley; he is, perhaps, not so strong as either man, but he is a portrait-painter of whom the Academy, in this age of what used to be called "face painters," need not be ashamed. But it is to be hoped that he will attempt something more than these single figures. At one time, if I remember aright, he painted charming landscapes.

The election of Mr. Goscombe John not only fills a sculptor's place already vacant, but brings some strength to the Academy's roll-call just when the sad death of Mr. Harry Bates has weakened it. Mr. John has been elected early—almost too early for us to judge how far his talent runs parallel to that of Mr. Bates; but at first sight he appears to lean even less upon the past than the other did. His taste is fine, his work admirably felt; there is an originality—a freshness—about what he does that promises to carry him in his development far beyond the point of his present

execution. Sculpture is an exquisite art capable of giving the highest pleasure; and the intelligent sculptors of the present day—(fortunately all our best sculptors are intelligent!)—have, by working "in small," placed it in the power of all to possess and enjoy the sight in our own houses of little masterpieces the like of which our fathers were never tempted with.

The Birthplace of Dickens

"CHARLES DICKENS, the most popular novelist of the century, and one of the greatest humorists that England has produced, was born at Landport, in Portsea, on Friday, the seventh of February, 1812." Thus Forster begins his "Life of Charles Dickens." It will be noticed that he mentions the day of the week. Dickens himself, in the opening chapter of "David Copperfield"—the book which contains so many touches of autobiography—tells us the hour:—

"To begin my life with the beginning of my life, I record that I was born (as I have been informed and believe) on a Friday, at twelve o'clock at night. It



was remarked that the clock began to strike, and I began to cry, simultaneously."

To be as precise as possible it may be stated that the birth took place at a few minutes before midnight on Friday, February 7, 1812, in the front bedroom of No. 387, Mile End Terrace, Commercial Road, Landport. The house is shown in our illustration. "It stands high" (says Mr. Hughes in his "Week's Tramp in Dickens-land"),

on the west side of a good broad road . . . and the situation is very open, pleasant, and cheerful. It is red-brick built, has a railing in front, and is approached by a little entrance gate opening on to a lawn, whereon there are a few flower beds; a hedge divides the forecourt from the next house, and a few steps guarded by a handrail lead to the front door. It is a single-fronted, eight-roomed house,

having two underground kitchens, two floors above, and a single dormer window high up in the sloping red-tiled roof. As is usual with old-fashioned houses of this type, the shutters to the lower windows are outside. Both the front and back parlours on the ground floor are very cheerful, cosy little rooms, and the view from the back parlour looking down into the well-kept garden, which abuts on other gardens, is very pretty, marred only by a large gasometer, which could hardly have been erected in young Charles Dickens's earliest days.

At the time of Charles's birth his father was only twenty-six years of age. A clerk in the Navy Pay office, with a salary of something under a hundred a year, he had married in 1809 Elizabeth Barrow, the sister of a fellow clerk in Somerset House. The wedding took place in the church of St. Mary-le-Strand, which overlooks, on the one hand, the scene of the father's employment, and on the other the office of the old *Morning Chronicle* (now of the *Weekly Dispatch*), where the son was to gain his first honours in journalism and literature. Mr. Robert Langton, most careful and trustworthy of authorities upon the family history of Charles Dickens, tells us that the father at the time of his marriage had been "detached" from Somerset House to attend the paying off of ships at Portsmouth. The little house at Landport was rented at 35s. a year, and hither the young couple proceeded almost immediately after the wedding. Here the first two of their eight children were born—Fanny, the eldest, in 1810, and Charles, as we have seen, in 1812. Within a few weeks of his birth the future novelist was baptised at St. Mary's, Kingston, the parish church of Portsea, and named Charles John Huffam. The first name came from his mother's father, the second from his father, and the third (misspelt Huffam in the register) from one Christopher Huffam, "Rigger to His Majesty's Navy." When the baby was but five and a half months old, his parents went to live in Hawke Street, Portsea, where they stayed for two or three years before their removal, by way of London, to Chatham. Forster hints that David Copperfield's retrospections into the blank of his infancy—the picture of his mother and her servant, dwarfed to his sight by stooping down, or kneeling on the floor, and himself going unsteadily from the one to the other—were glimpses into Dickens's own memory in his very earliest years.

He has often told me (says Forster) that he remembered the small front garden to the house at Portsea, from which he was taken away when he was two years old, and where, watched by a nurse through a low kitchen window almost level with the gravel walk, he trotted about with something to eat, and his little elder sister with him. He was carried from the garden one day to see the soldiers exercise, and I perfectly recollect that, on our being at Portsmouth together while he was writing "Nickleby," he recognised the exact shape of the military parade seen by him, as a very infant, on the same spot a quarter of a century before.

It was at Portsmouth, the reader of "Nickleby" will remember, that Nicholas made his appearance on the stage under the auspices of that genial and resourceful manager, Mr. Vincent Crummies.

THAT somewhat crudely sensational melodrama, *The Crystal Globe*, at the PRINCESS's, has, after a brief career, given place to a revival of *The White Heather*, which has with some reason been described as the best of "the Drury Lane autumn dramas." The original cast has for the most part been replaced by a new one; but the play is on the whole very well acted, and all the picturesque and exciting scenes of the original have been carefully reproduced. The play was received by the PRINCESS's audience on Monday with great favour.

ON the occasion of the hundredth performance of Mr. Grundy's version of *The Three Musketeers* on Wednesday, the handsome vestibule of HER MAJESTY'S Theatre was appropriately ornamented by a terra-cotta bust of the elder Dumas. A "Dumas Souvenir," presented to members of the audience, contained a contribution by Mr. Tree and a letter by the younger Dumas to his father "in Elysium." The latter item is simply the prefatory epistle—so full of tender and touching reminiscences—written some years ago by the son for a collected edition of his father's plays.

The Intruders, a comedy by Mr. John T. Day, authr. of *The Purser*, brought out in an experimental way by Miss Fanny Brough, at the WORCESTER Theatre the other day, will be produced by that lady for the first time in London, at the BRITON Theatre, on Monday evening next. On the following afternoon the New Century Theatre Society will produce at the HAYMARKET Mr. Esmond's new play, entitled *Grierson's Way*.



THE SENIOR CLAIMANT TO THE POULETT EARLDOM STARTING ON HIS DAILY ROUND
A ROMANCE OF THE PEERAGE
From a Photograph by the Muswell Photograph Company, Hatton Garden.



THE YOUNG DUKE AT LAST RECEIVES HIS LIEUTENANCY: A SCENE FROM ACT III.
"A COURT SCANDAL" AT THE COURT THEATRE
DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON



"Far below, mere stirring specks and dots, went the people of the unsleeping city in their perpetual daylight . . . It was like peering into a gigantic glass hive, and it lay vertically below him with only a tough glass of unknown thickness to save him from a fall"

WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES

By H. G. WELLS

Author of "The Wonderful Visit," "The War of the Worlds," and "The Invisible Man"

ILLUSTRATED BY H. LANOS

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE ROOF SPACES

As the fans in the circular aperture of the inner room rotated and permitted glimpses of the night, dim sounds drifted in thereby. And Graham, standing underneath, wrestling darkly with the unknown powers that imprisoned him, and which he had now deliberately challenged, was startled by the sound of a voice.

He peered up and saw in the intervals of the rotation, dark and dim, the face and shoulders of a man regarding him. Then a dark hand was extended, the swift fan struck it, swung round and beat on with a little brownish patch on the edge of its thin blade, and something began to fall therefrom upon the floor, dripping silently.

Graham looked down, and there were spots of blood at his feet. He looked up again in a strange excitement. The two figures had gone.

He remained motionless—his every sense intent upon the flickering patch of darkness, for outside it was high night. He became aware of some faint, remote, dark specks floating lightly through the

outer air. They came down towards him, fitfully, eddyingly, and passed aside out of the uprush from the fan. A gleam of light flickered, the specks flashed white, and then the darkness came again. Warmed and lit as he was, he perceived that it was snowing within a few feet of him.

Graham walked across the room, and came back to the ventilator again. He saw the head of a man pass near. There was a sound of whispering. Then a smart blow on some metallic substance, effort, voices, and the fans stopped. A gust of snowflakes whirled into the room, and vanished before they touched the floor. "Don't be afraid," said a voice.

Graham stood under the fan. "Who are you?" he whispered. For a moment there was nothing but a swaying of the fan, and then the head and shoulders of a man were thrust cautiously into the opening. His face appeared nearly inverted to Graham; his dark hair was wet with dissolving flakes of snow upon it. His arm went up into the darkness holding something unseen. He had a youthful face and bright eyes, and the veins on his forehead were swollen. He seemed to be exerting himself to maintain his position.

For several seconds neither he nor Graham spoke.

"You were the Sleeper?" said the stranger at last.

"Yes," said Graham. "What do you want with me?"

"I come from Ostrog, Sir."

"Ostrog?"

The man in the ventilator twisted his head round so that his profile was towards Graham. He appeared to be listening. Suddenly there was a hasty exclamation, and the intruder sprang back just in time to escape the sweep of the released fan. And when Graham peered up there was nothing visible but the slowly falling snow.

It was, perhaps, a quarter of an hour before anything returned to the ventilator. But at last came the same metallic interference again; the fans stopped and the face reappeared. Graham had remained all this time in the same place, alert and tremulously excited.

"Who are you? What do you want?" he said.

"We want to speak to you, Sir," said the intruder. "We want—I can't hold the thing. We have been trying to find a way to you—three days."

He wanted to be still and people were lifting him. He believed afterwards he was carried to the platform and given some drink, but he was never sure. He did not notice what became of his guide. When his mind was clear again he was on his feet; eager hands were assisting him to stand. He was in a big alcove, occupying the position that in his previous experience had been devoted to the lower boxes. If this was, indeed, a theatre.

A mighty tumult was in his ears, a thunderous roar, the shouting of a countless multitude. "It is the Sleeper! The Sleeper is with us!"

"The Sleeper is with us! The Master—the Owner! The Master is with us. He is safe."

Graham had a surging vision of a great hall crowded with people. He saw no individuals, he was conscious of a froth of pink faces, of waving arms and garments, he felt the occult influence of a vast crowd pouring over him, buoying him up. There were balconies, galleries, great archways giving remoter perspectives, and everywhere people, a vast area of people, densely packed and cheering. Across the nearer space, like a huge snake, lay the collapsed cable. It had been cut by the men of the flying machine at its upper end, and had crumpled down into the hall. Men seemed to be hauling this out of the way. But the whole effect was vague, the very buildings throbbed and leapt with the roar of the voices.

He stood unsteadily, and looked at those about him. Someone supported him by one arm. "Let me go into a little room," he said; "a little room." And could say no more. A man in black stepped forward, took his disengaged arm. He was aware of officious men opening a door before him. Someone guided him to a seat. He sat down heavily and covered his face with his hands; he was trembling violently, his nervous control was at an end. He was relieved of his cloak, he could not remember how; his purple hose he saw were black with wet. People were running about him, things were happening, but for some time he gave no heed to them.

He had escaped. A myriad cries told him that. He was safe. These were the people who were on his side. For a space he sobbed for breath, and then he sat still with his face covered. The air was full of the shouting of innumerable men.

(To be continued)

Our Portraits

THE death is announced of Sir Francis Clare Ford, G.C.B., G.C.M.G. He had been suffering for some time from an acute form of heart disease, and retired from the Embassy at Rome last year. Sir Francis Clare Ford was born in 1823. At the age of eighteen he joined the 4th Light Dragoons, and served in that regiment for about five years, when he sold out and entered the Diplomatic Service. After fifteen years' service

present at the battles of Amoaful and Ordassa and the capture of Kumassi (the twenty-fifth anniversary of which occurred this week). He was Principal Medical Officer at the Cape during the Galeka and Gaika rebellion in 1877-78, and again at Natal throughout the Zulu war and the Secoceni campaign. He was several times mentioned in despatches, has the Ashanti Medal and Clasp and the Zulu Medal and Clasp, and was created C.B. in 1879, and C.M.G. in 1880. Surgeon-General Woolfryes retired in 1883.—Our portrait is by Fall, Baker Street.

The town of Cheltenham has just presented a handsome testimonial to Colonel Richard Rogers, who recently retired from the civic chair after having occupied it for three years. Colonel Rogers, who is an enthusiastic Volunteer, is Lieutenant-Colonel and Honorary Colonel of the 1st Gloucestershire (Cheltenham) Engineer Volunteer Corps, and has been awarded the Volunteer Decoration. He is very popular in Cheltenham, and has been connected with the Corporation for seven years. The presentation took the form of a portrait of the ex-Mayor, life and full length, in mayoral robes, by Mr. J. Eadie Reid. It is to be placed with the other civic portraits in the Council Chamber. Besides this public presentation Colonel Rogers was also given a handsome silver bowl, inlaid with gold work. The body of the bowl is enriched with a hand-wrought border, reproducing the Elgin marbles in bas-relief. The subscribers to the testimonial also remembered Mrs. Rogers, and presented her with a diamond brooch of horse pattern. Accompanying these gifts was an album containing the names of the subscribers and a suitable address.—Our portraits are by H. W. Watson, Cheltenham.



COLONEL R. ROGERS
Ex-Mayor of Cheltenham



MRS. R. ROGERS
Ex-Mayoress of Cheltenham



THE LATE SIR F. CLARE FORD,
G.C.B., G.C.M.G.



THE LATE REV. C. A. BERRY, D.D.



THE LATE MR. HARRY BATES, A.R.A.



THE LATE MR. J. F. RUSSELL
Vice-Consul at the Dardanelles



SURGEON-GEN. WOOLFRYES
Newly appointed Hon. Physician to the Queen

in various European capitals he reached the rank of Secretary of Legation and six years later that of Secretary of Embassy. He acquired the reputation of being a specialist in economic and commercial questions, and was appointed to represent the British Government before the Commission created to decide the amount of compensation to be paid to the United States for certain fishing rights. For his services he was created C.B. and Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Argentine Republic. From there he went to Brazil as Minister, and in 1881 was transferred to Athens. From 1884 to 1892 he represented this country at Madrid, first as Minister and then as Ambassador. In 1884 and again in 1885 he was British Commissioner at Paris for the settlement of the Newfoundland question. In 1892 he was appointed Ambassador at Constantinople, but his health was not equal to so onerous a position, and he was transferred to Rome in 1893, where he stayed until last year, when he retired.—Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

A distinguished member of the Army Medical Service, Surgeon-General John Andrew Woolfryes, C.B., C.M.G., M.D., has just been appointed Honorary Physician to the Queen. Surgeon-General Woolfryes is the son of the late Mr. John Woolfryes, a doctor practising in Salisbury, and was born in 1833. He took his M.B. and D.S. diploma in 1846, and entered the Medical Department of the Army a year later, became a Surgeon in 1855, Surgeon-Major in 1867, Deputy Surgeon-General in 1874, and Surgeon-General in 1880. Surgeon-General Woolfryes has seen a good deal of active service. He served in the first Ashanti war, during which he was for part of the time Principal Medical Officer, and was

The death at the Dardanelles of Mr. John Frederick Russell deprives the Consular Service of a travelled and accomplished member. Mr. Russell was the second and only surviving son of Sir William Howard Russell, the veteran war correspondent, with whom much sympathy will be felt in his sad bereavement, which is rendered all the more severe by the fact that it was only a few months ago that the news reached him of the death of his eldest son while on his way home from China. Mr. Russell was nominated Vice-Consul at Moosul in 1876, when he went to Van, and from 1883 to 1886 he was stationed at Alexandria, when he was transferred to the Dardanelles. But before entering the Consular Service he had travelled a good deal, serving on the staff of General Gordon, and being associated with the latter's early expedition to Khartoum and the regions of the White Nile. In 1874, when the expedition was contemplated, Mr. Russell was in Cairo studying Arabic, and when the opportunity occurred of serving with General Gordon he eagerly took it. Later he was sent with a small expedition to Fashoda. Mr. Russell leaves a widow, who was with him when he died.—Our portrait is by the London Stereoscopic Company.

The Rev. Charles A. Berry, D.D., of Wolverhampton, who fell down dead while conducting a funeral service at Bilston, was one of the best-known preachers in the Congregational ministry. He was, on the death of the Rev. Henry Ward-Beecher, invited to succeed him, but declined. Dr. Berry was born in 1852. At the age of seventeen he entered Airedale College to study for the ministry, and, in 1874, he accepted his first charge at St. George's Church, Bolton. There he stayed for nine years, when he went to Wolverhampton. In 1893, on the death of Dr. Alexander Hannay,

he was offered the post of Secretary of the Congregational Union. In 1891 Dr. Berry's health gave way, and he took a voyage to America, visiting the States and Canada. In 1897 he was made Chairman of the Congregational Union. Dr. Berry was a great favourite, and his death will be keenly felt.—Our portrait is by Whitlock Bros., Wolverhampton.

The loss of Mr. Bates is a very real one, for he was an artist by nature, who seemed incapable by temperament of putting forth what was bad or wrong. His sense of grace and beauty is admirably displayed in one of the most refined statues that English art can show—his "Pandora" at the Tate Gallery. Close by it stands Mr. John's "Boy at Play," and those who look can fairly claim that the art of sculpture is become a natural and spontaneous growth in England—a blossom of the tree that was planted by Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, Mr. Brock, and Mr. Alfred Gilbert, and it now rests only with the public to encourage romantic and ideal work, understanding that art such as this has little in common with the mere portrait bust or club medallion. Mr. Bates was born in 1850, and was made A.R.A. in 1892.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Fred Hollyer.

Among the Pygmies and Cannibals—II.

By ALBERT B. LLOYD

DAY after day we pushed on our way, sometimes literally carving our way through the undergrowth and at others following some little track made by either elephants or pygmies. I myself always walked at the front of the caravan, carrying on my shoulder my rifle and in my hand a sword bayonet with which I cut my way. Often our path was crossed by elephants, buffaloes, or wild pigs, all of which seem to swarm in the forest, and occasionally the first-named would rush right through our caravan, scattering the poor scared porters in all directions. Each night strange sounds disturbed us, and during the first week it was almost impossible for the weak-nerved among the party to get any sleep.

Emerging from the thickest forest we reached Avakubi, twenty days from the start, having covered a distance of about 250 miles. The last eight days of this time we were passing down the River Ituri, which is apparently another name for the Aruwimi. It is a wonderful river, but unfortunately above Avakubi it is not navigable on account of the rapids. Considering this river has a fall of about 1,000 ft. from near the source to this place, Avakubi, it is not to be wondered at.

My first day's experiences in a canoe which we procured at Avakubi were not to be envied. Near the beginning of the day the canoe in which I sat was overturned in the rapids, and I got a very severe ducking,

and only after a terrible struggle between life and death succeeded in reaching the dry land, and then only to see my box, containing all my photographs, turned into the water. We recovered the box, but, alas! many of the most valuable plates were spoilt utterly. I was, however, thankful to escape with my life. The canoe was an ordinary African dug-out, that is, made out of the solid trunk of a huge forest giant. There are no seats in these boats, and I therefore fixed my hammock chair to the bottom of the boat, and the boatmen standing up, according to the custom, six in the bow and eight in the stern, paddled away, singing the weird African songs to keep time with their strokes.

And now we were in Cannibal Land, daily visiting the villages of the fierce Bangwa people. At each village we changed boatmen, and so were able to make great headway. At five o'clock each evening we looked out for a camping place; sometimes in the midst of a cannibal village, sometimes in uninhabited country.

The Waganda boys that I took with me were, at this part of the journey, very frightened, and begged of me to turn back, protesting that we should all be killed and eaten by these hungry cannibals. Sometimes it seemed as though it might be so, particularly when we watched the savages sitting round their boiling pot of kola-nut, sucking it up and drinking it by the aid of hollow reeds, and then working themselves into passion and madness until, at last, completely under the influence of this poison—they would jump up and wave about their heads awful-looking spears and knives, thirsting for human blood.

I often watched these midnight revels round the kola-nut pot, and indeed on more than one occasion sat round the fire with the men observing the effect of this fearful poison.

(To be concluded)



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANZ HANFSTAENGEL

PORTRAIT OF A LADY, BY REMBRANDT

FROM THE PAINTING LENT BY THE QUEEN TO THE REMBRANDT EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

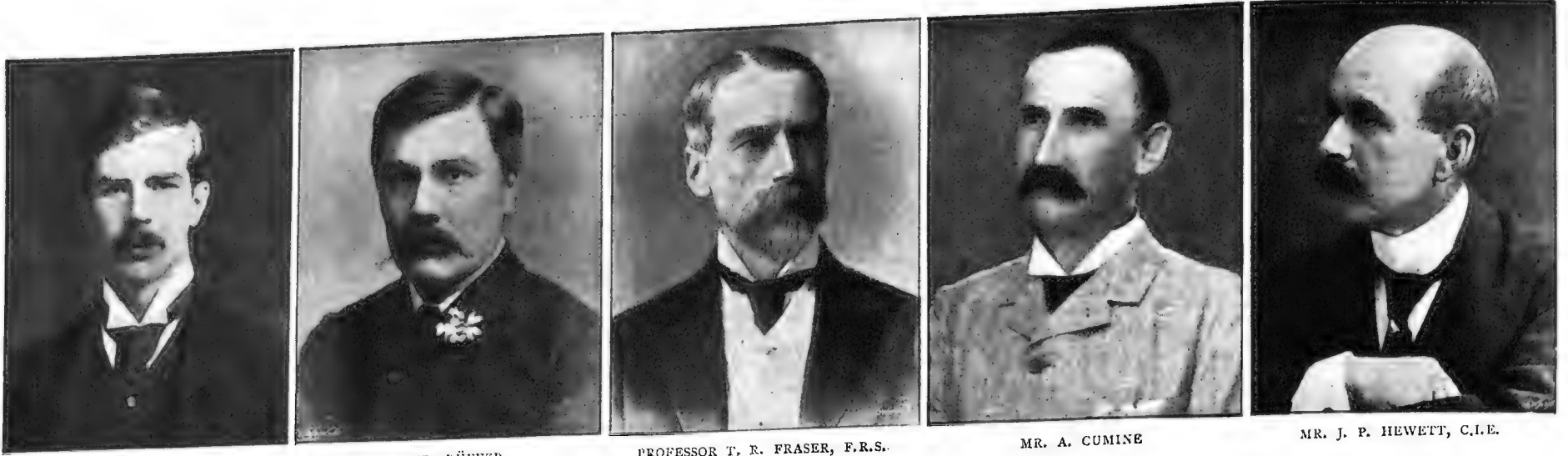


IN DARKEST AFRICA: AN INCIDENT OF MR. LLOYD'S MARCH THROUGH THE GREAT PYGMY FOREST

FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY MR. LLOYD

“Day after day we pushed on our way, sometimes literally carving our way through the undergrowth and at others following some little track made by either elephants or pygmies. I myself always walked at the front of the caravan, carrying on my shoulder my rifle and in my hand a sword bayonet, with which I cut my way. Often our path was crossed by elephants, buffaloes, or wild pigs, all of which seem to swarm in the forest and occasionally the first-named would rush right through our caravan, scattering the poor scared porters in all directions. Each night strange sounds disturbed us, and during the first week it was almost impossible for the weakened among the party to get any sleep.”

DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, N.L.



PROFESSOR WRIGHT

DR. RÜFFER

PROFESSOR T. R. FRASER, F.R.S.
President

MR. A. CUMINE

MR. J. P. HEWETT, C.I.E.

THE MEMBERS OF THE INDIAN PLAGUE COMMISSION NOW SITTING AT BANGALORE

The Plague Commission

THE Special Commission, appointed in the beginning of November to investigate the origin of the plague in India and the means of preventing its spread, is composed of men singularly well qualified for the task with which they have been entrusted. The President, Professor T. R. Fraser, of Edinburgh, has done much valuable scientific work in regard to the possibility of producing immunity by the injection of serum taken from animals themselves proof against a particular poison; he has shown that the old story of Mithridates and his marvellous antidote, and the modern travellers' tales about savages who let themselves be bitten by venomous snakes with impunity, have at least a considerable element of truth in them. Professor Wright, of Netley, has worked with success in the same field, and has discovered a vaccine for typhoid fever to which many are looking as a means of checking the ravages of that disease among our soldiers in India. Dr. Rüffer is a bacteriologist of great reputation, and brings to the work of the Commission the special experience which he has gained as President of the Sanitary Maritime and Quarantine Council at Alexandria. The other two members of the Commission, Messrs. Hewett and Cumine, are Indian civilians, and supply the necessary element of administrative experience and special knowledge of India.

The Commissioners arrived in Bombay on November 26, and began their work there on the 29th. They have since pursued their investigations at Dharwar, Bangalore, Hyderabad, and Calcutta. Having taken evidence in the North-Western Provinces and the Punjab as to the outbreaks which have occurred there, they will visit Sindh, afterwards returning to Bombay to make a further tour through that Presidency, which has been throughout the principal seat of the pestilence.

The evidence so far taken by the Commissioners shows that the infection of the plague is conveyed by human agency, and that epidemics among the rats of a district often precede outbreaks among the people. It has been shown that the plague always occurs among the inhabitants of that quarter of a town in which the rats were first attacked. When the rats migrate they scatter the seeds of pestilence wherever they go. But how is the infection transmitted from the rat to man? Cause has recently been shown for suspecting insects—especially the flea, as being the intermediaries in carrying the disease which they in fact inoculate in man by biting. In view of these facts it is interesting to note that Mr. Du Boulay, of Bombay, stated in his evidence that 50,400 rats had been destroyed, and a bonus of half an anna was given for every dead rat.

As to the connection between insanitary conditions and the prevalence of plague, the information obtained by the Commissioners only confirms the general belief of all who have had an opportunity of seeing it in its native haunts, that it is emphatically a filth disease.

As to the value of protective and preventive inoculations, they have obtained a large and weighty body of evidence. There are at least three varieties of serum which have been more or less extensively tried, viz., Haffkine's, Yersin's, and Lustig's. Of these Haffkine's has been most largely used in India, and the testimony to its value not only in reducing mortality but in protecting against the disease is very strong. A native physician stated that he had formerly opposed inoculation, but had been converted to believe in its efficiency because he was unable to resist the evidence of facts. Almost the only dissentient voice was that of Colonel Lawrie, the surgeon to the Nizam of Hyderabad, who expressed the opinion that Haffkine's fluid is not a serum but a putrescent organic fluid, the injection of which would be likely to cause blood poisoning. Afterwards, however, Colonel Lawrie admitted that the fluid as now used affords a considerable measure of protection. Surgeon-General Harvey, head of the Indian Medical Service, who was sent by the Government to visit Bombay and other parts of the country, and report on the effects of protective inoculation against the plague, found that it had been of great service in combating the disease, and heard of no case in which it had produced blood poisoning or other serious ill effects.

On the whole, the evidence so far taken by the Commission holds out a fair hope that in serum used with proper precautions we have a means of at least partial protection against plague. The difficulty is to get many of the natives of India to submit to the inoculation. Our portraits are by the following:—Professor Fraser by Moffat, Edinburgh; Dr. Wright by Bassano, Old Bond Street; Dr. Rüffer by Jerrard, Regent Street; Mr. J. P. Hewett by Ballingham, Harrington Road, S.W.; and Mr. Cumine by Barton, Son, and Company, Bangalore.

The Cape to Cairo Railway

THE BULUWAYO-TANGANYIKA SECTION

BEFORE embarking on any description of the Cape to Cairo Railway as a possibility of the future, it will be best to state authoritatively what part of the scheme lies within the range of near accomplishment. Railways in Africa are in some respects like *châteaux dans l'Espagne*, and have this further disadvantage, that even when the money for their construction has been subscribed, the engineering difficulties have a way of turning out to be greater than was anticipated. For instance, it was stated at the British Association last year that the railway from Uganda to Mombasa was a line much more likely to be carried out than the route southwards from Athara, Khartoum, and Fashoda, because of the marshy and impassable nature of the country which the "all British route" would have to traverse. Yet only the other day we were told that the Uganda line was a monument of want of foresight and of wasteful expenditure, and that its near realisation was hopeless. The Cape to Cairo route must not then be regarded as a whole. In the face of many contradictions and re-statements, we have the best possible authority for saying that at present its chief promoters are content to stop short on the southern approach of Tanganyika. The only definite project put before the British Government is for the extension of the existing Cape to Buluwayo Railway, from Buluwayo, past Gwelo, 250 miles northward. This portion of the extension has been surveyed.

It need not be supposed, however—in fact probably no one does suppose it—that Mr. Rhodes is going to stop 250 miles north of Buluwayo. He merely regards this instalment of a scheme as one whose merits as a paying concern are so evident as to disarm criticism. The line thus far will cost 3,500*l.* a mile, and therefore 875,000*l.* in all. On this he has the experience of the Bechuanaland Railway to lead him to believe that he will at once make a profit. The Bechuanaland Railway, soundly, solidly built, with fine locomotives and saloon cars—looking in the photographs like the opulent special carriages in which railway directors make periodic visits of inspection—pays well in spite of the fact that its coal has to be carried along with it. The 250 miles extension from Buluwayo will tap a coalfield, and the cost of working will, therefore, be immediately reduced. This portion of the route, as displayed on the map, runs 100 miles in a north-easterly direction as far as Gwelo—160 miles from Fort Salisbury, and 1,460 miles from Capetown. Thence it will take a

bend, and run almost due north along the valley of the Sanyati River as far as the Kariba Gorge of the Zambesi River. Here for the present it will stop, though it may not stop for long. The previous 100-mile section of the railway was built in four months. If the money is guaranteed the extension from Buluwayo to the Zambesi may be expected to be built in a year. The line will, as in the case of the Egyptian system, be 3 ft. 6 in., thus securing uniformity of gauge from the Cape to Cairo when the links are all completed. In connection with this point it may be mentioned that Mr. Rhodes and the Bechuanaland Railway Company allowed three of the powerful locomotives for Buluwayo to be sent to Egypt, to enable Lord Kitchener to get across the desert.

And what afterwards? The first thing, of course, will be to cross the Zambesi. At this point—to which the railway, instead of following a more direct course, has been diverted—the Zambesi ceases to be a wide shallow, and is compressed between the walls of the Kariba Gorge. The work of bridging this would present no very great engineering difficulty, and thence the railway would run as far as the southern end of Lake Tanganyika (about 500 miles), through the country lying between Lake Bangweola and Lake Nyasa. This section of the line has not been surveyed, but the country through which it will run is well known. North of the Zambesi is the Mashukulombwe country, with fine grazing ground, and further north are minerals. The value of Northern Rhodesia as a grazing country is established by the fact that the Angoni Zulus—farmers and graziers all—have been settled there since Lobengula's father drove them north half a century ago. Mr. Lionel Dede asserts that the country is of unexampled richness in iron and copper, and that nothing but the cost of transport has made these fields unprofitable. At present the cost of transport from the Tanganyika territory to Chindi on the Indian Ocean is 45*l.* a ton. When the great extension to Tanganyika is an accomplished fact goods could be carried at a profit if the charge were only 12*l.* a ton, not from Chindi, but to or from the Cape. At present, by the Chindi-Nyasa route, travellers cannot reach Lake Tanganyika under sixty days from London, and their fare, even if they travel steerage and third class, will be 70*l.* But if the railway were built to Tanganyika they might make the journey in twenty-four days from London at 1*l.* a day. Finally, with respect to profit, one may point out that in spite of all the gloomy prophecies concerning the extension from Vryburg to Buluwayo, that road, still in its infancy, makes a profit of 150,000*l.* a year. Before its construction a ton of goods used to cost 60*l.* for transport from Port Elizabeth. The cost is now one-fifth of that; and the arguments all point the same way—if it paid from Vryburg to Buluwayo, why not from Buluwayo to the Zambesi? and if from Buluwayo to the Kariba Gorge, why not from Tanganyika to the Cape?

CAPE TO CAIRO.



Cape Town to Buluwayo. 1360 Miles.
Buluwayo to Tanganyika. 800.

Notes from the Magazines

"MAGA" THE THOUSANDTH

A MAGNIFICENT double number of *Blackwood's Magazine* is served out this month to commemorate the thousandth issue, and when one bears in mind the multitude of new comers in the field since *Blackwood* was born, it is impossible to help feeling every admiration for the policy which from the first has kept the magazine in the front rank, and never allowed it to sink into an obsolete groove. "Maga" has never sought to enhance its popularity by changing its coat, and embarking upon a career of illustrations combined with sensationalism. It has always been essentially literary and well written, and its old characteristics still prevail. It has steadily stood aloof from modern meretricious tendencies, and it has found its reward in the fact that it has shown how humour, satire, shrewd criticism and able writing are still appreciated and still honoured. Few, if any, magazines have a better and more honourable record than *Blackwood*. Not merely can it boast of a splendid list of contributors, but it can boast of a long and intimate relationship with many of them, which is as uncommon as it is creditable. Indeed, one would look far to find anywhere else the same loyalty to the magazine and to the famous publishing house as is evidenced in the history of "Maga." But with all this there is no tendency to neglect the rising forces in literature. Does not the present number contain contributions by half a dozen of the rising school? There is Mr. Joseph Conrad, whose "Nigger of the Narcissus" brought down a chorus of praise; Mr. Maurice Hewlett, whose "Forest Lovers" burst on one as a revelation; Mr. Bernard Capes, Miss Harraden, that charming apostle of the ideal, and Mr. Whibley, most modern and most robust of critics. The number opens fitly enough with some verses with Mr. Andrew Lang, and towards the end is a charming little glimpse behind the

scenes into the tradition of the great Edinburgh house which has carried on a magazine from its first number to its thousandth, preserving a "personality, more individual, more constant and pronounced than is seen in any other creature of its kind."

THE NEW GOSPEL OF PEACE

Sir Henry Howorth's "Some Plain Words about the Tsar's New Gospel of Peace," in the *Nineteenth Century*, is a very common-sense indictment of that praiseworthy ideal, and an indictment which it is impossible to read without feeling that it is what most people think, but few have had the courage to say. After reviewing the manner of its reception by all the nations—with scarcely an exception all have received it with pretty speeches, and with, at the same time, an instant setting about an increase in armaments—he says very truly and very cynically—

Is it likely that any one of the nations will submit to having such a question as the amount and character of its army and navy decided for it by any other Power or conference of Powers, or that, if it gave such an undertaking, it would be honestly kept? What a premium it would offer to all kinds of public chicanery, deceit, and surreptitious dishonesty!

But there are even more important points than this. The Tsar does not suggest a reduction of armaments, but merely a pause in their steady increase. How would this benefit the poorer nations, such as Spain, Turkey, and Italy, which find the maintenance of their present armaments an intolerable burden? They are longing to see armies and navies reduced before they break under the strain, while rich nations are only very partially inconvenienced by the struggle for armed supremacy. The expense of modern war is what makes it a luxury, says Sir Henry Howorth, and the poorer nations who cannot afford it should desist from the competition. They are in comparatively little danger from aggression or conquest. More interesting than this though is his further argument, when he says:—

No finer army was probably ever brought together than that which fought at Sadowa under Benedek. But it could not compete with the Prussian forces armed with the needle gun any more than Admiral Caserta with his sailors (and Spaniards are both brave and good sailors) could compete against the Americans, or the brave and reckless Dervishes could compete against our black and white boys in the Sudan. This is all a truism. What I mean to infer from it is that whatever engagements are entered into about the number of men would be useless unless it were provided that their weapons should remain the same.

In short it would be easy to enter upon a stupendous competition in continually re-arming forces with the latest weapons, which would be almost as ruinous as the present competition.

The Dreyfus Affair

THERE seems to be no end to the incidents which the Dreyfus case is destined to evoke. Never since the case began has the situation been so intricate. M. Mazenat, First President of the Court of Cassation, who was deputed to inquire into the conduct of the Criminal Court after the charges made by M. de Beaurepaire against his colleagues, has presented his report, which states:—"Without suspecting in any way the perfect integrity of the members of the Criminal Chamber, it would be wise, in the

exceptional circumstances in which we find ourselves, not to leave to the said Chamber the entire responsibility of the judgment to be given." The Ministers held an extraordinary Council on Saturday, and as a result M. Lebreton, the Minister of Justice, introduced a Bill in the Chamber to bring all cases for revision, without exception, before the united sections of the Court of Cassation. In the course of the debate, it was announced that the whole of the evidence taken before the Criminal Chamber would be



MADAME HENRY

published. The Bill was referred to a Special Commission. Meanwhile among the general public the action of the Government has produced fresh confusion. M. Lebreton's assurance that he did not suspect the integrity of the Criminal Section in any way seems in direct contradiction to the impression produced by his Bill.

But this crisis is not the only incident that is occupying the public mind with regard to the seemingly interminable Dreyfus case. Madame Henry, the widow of Colonel Henry, who, it will be remembered, committed suicide after confessing to the forgery of an important document which was used as evidence against Dreyfus at his trial, has brought a libel action against M. Joseph Reinach for

the purpose of vindicating her late husband from the additional charge of treason. M. Yves Guyot, the director of the *Siècle*, in which the libel appeared, is also a defendant in the action. This case, the biggest of the kind, it is said, that was ever seen at the Assizes, came on for hearing on Friday. Over four hundred witnesses have been subpoenaed for the case. Madame Henry, who appeared in the court in deep mourning, was treated with the utmost respect by the military witnesses both on her arrival at the court and on leaving. The principal defendant in the case, M. Joseph Reinach, who is a Jew, is one of the ablest politicians in France. He was Secretary to the Cabinet under Gambetta. When General Boulanger came on the scene, M. Reinach was the most keen of his opponents, and it was undeniably largely due to his energy that the General was routed. M. Reinach has been an active worker in the cause of revision. When this great offshoot of the Dreyfus case came on for hearing, Maître Labori submitted arguments in favour of postponing the case until after the termination of the Dreyfus inquiry. This was opposed by Madame Henry's counsel, and the Judge refused to grant an adjournment. Maître Labori thereupon asked leave for his client to appeal to the Court of Cassation against the decision. The decision of the Judge was that the hearing must be suspended until the Court of Cassation should have pronounced upon the appeal lodged by the accused against the refusal of the Court to adjourn the case.—Our portrait of Madame Henry is from a photograph by Neyroud.

Blow-Feather

At this season of the year, when there are gatherings of young people, hostesses are often nervous and anxious about finding amusement for them in the evening. It is not always enough to let them dance, and some game must be found. There should be no anxiety on the part of the hostess, for it is astonishing how very easily young folks are amused, and play like children if the opportunity be given. The dignified young man from Oxford forgets his dignity for the time, and girls, but lately emancipated from the schoolroom, drop that new-born sense of importance, and fling themselves into a game with an abandon that is delightful to watch. Considered at any other time, the game would be pronounced by these same young men and women as silly. Yet see how they enjoy it. "Blow-Feather" is one of these games. All that is wanted is a white tablecloth and a feather and some young folk bent on enjoying themselves. One of the number, chosen by lot, stands out while the others sit round the table holding the tablecloth up so as to form a kind of basin. Then the feather is placed in the middle of the cloth, and it is the business of those sitting round to blow it to and fro and prevent the one outside from grabbing it. The feather leaps to and fro while the pursuer makes frantic grabs at it. At last it is caught, and the person nearest to whom the capture was made becomes the pursuer. A new feather is then supplied to replace the crumpled one, and the game begins again.



M. JOSEPH REINACH, THE PRINCIPAL DEFENDANT



M. YVES GUYOT, MANAGER OF THE "SIÈCLE," ONE OF THE OTHER DEFENDANTS

THE HENRY-REINACH LIBEL ACTION IN PARIS

SKETCHES IN COURT BY PAUL RENOARD



"BLOW-FEATHER," A GAME FOR AN EVENING PARTY

DRAWN BY JOHN DA COSTA

Music of the Week

FATHER PEROSI'S "RESURRECTION OF CHRIST"

EARLY last year musical Italy was startled by the apparition of a new composer whose fame has since run like wildfire through the Peninsula. Rarely indeed has a celebrity been so quickly achieved. Don Lorenzo Perosi, born at Tortona in 1872, a priest and a student at the St. Cecilia Institute, Rome, and of the Milan Conservatory, was practically unknown a twelvemonth ago. He had studied theory under the famous Franz Haberl of Ratisbon, and at the beginning of last year was a priest and organist of St. Mark's Cathedral, Venice. He conceived the idea of a dozen oratorios illustrating various scenes in the life of Christ, and the cardinals at once perceived the possibility of the plan of running Perosi against the licentious influence of the new Italian operatic school which loves to depict squalid low life on the stage. There did seem to have been an idea of pitting the Vatican against the Quirinal, Perosi being markedly taken up by the Pope, while Mascagni, after the production of his opera *Iris*, was received in semi-State by the Queen of Italy. Any but amicable rivalry is, however, unlikely, thanks to the friendly attitude taken up towards Perosi's music by Mascagni and Verdi. Last year four oratorios out of the twelve were successively produced in Italy. *The Passion of Christ* came first, then *The Transfiguration* and *The Raising of Lazarus*. Lastly, in mid-December, in one of the chief churches of Rome, before a "record" audience which included fifteen cardinals, *The Resurrection* came out. The oratorios are practically all of one pattern. The *Passions* of Bach are the ground plan, the Saviour being a baritone, and the narrator, as a rule, the tenor. The Gospel story is adhered to, and Gregorian tunes are freely used. When occasion needs the music is highly dramatic, and Perosi himself has said, "It is not sacred music that I compose, but operatic music such as a priest may write." *The Resurrection of Christ* has not yet been published, nor have arrangements been made for its production here; but it is understood to deal in dramatic and very modern though reverential fashion with the stirring scenes enacted at the Holy Sepulchre between the Crucifixion and the first Easter morn; a modern version it may be called of the early compositions for the Oratory, but of course mainly intended for concert or Church Festival use. All three of the other oratorios may now be obtained in vocal score from Messrs. Ricordi. *The Raising of Lazarus* will probably be produced at Queen's Hall on May 13, *The Transfiguration of Christ* at the Worcester Festival in September, and *The Passion of Christ* at the Norwich Festival in October.

LYCEUM AND OTHER OPERAS

At the Lyceum the projected revival of *Die Meistersinger* was postponed from last Friday, and, although it was again fixed for Thursday of this week, it was once more put off, and it is, we understand, to be abandoned. For Friday of the present week, however, the Carl Rosa Company announced their long-promised production of *Tristan und Isolde*, for the first time in our tongue in London, although the English version was performed in Liverpool last April. Last Saturday a very average performance of the *Bohemian Girl* was given, while to-night (Saturday) the troupe will revive Benedict's *Lily of Killarney*, one of the most popular works in their repertoire.

M. Jean de Reszké has relinquished his idea of directing an opera house in Paris. Indeed, the scheme never was a very practical one, for although it is said the necessary capital had been largely over-subscribed, yet it must have been an up-hill task for M. Jean de Reszké or anybody else to carry on an opera season in Paris against the heavily subsidised theatres. The great Polish tenor would, for example, have had to pay rent and lighting, whereas at the Grand Opéra, Paris, not only are the theatre and lighting gratuitous, but also the managers have a subvention of no less than 32,000*l.* a year, together with the right to call upon any promising student of the Conservatoire at an extremely moderate salary. M. Jean de Reszké instead, it is said, proposes to found a conservatoire of operatic music in the French capital, where he intends for the future to take up his residence.

CONCERTS

The Queen's Hall Orchestral Concerts were resumed on Saturday. Curiously enough this year the management have entirely eschewed British music, and the same fate has been the lot of Italian, and, with

one solitary exception, of French music. Instead there is a run upon the Slavonic and Scandinavian composers.

The Philharmonic Society have issued their prospectus, and promise an interesting selection of new works, including a Concert-stück by Mr. Cowen, to be played by M. Paderewski; some orchestral "Variations upon an English Theme," by Professor Villiers Stanford, besides a new Symphony in C minor by the Russian composer Glazounow, who will conduct it in person, and a new Pianoforte Concerto by Rachmaninow, who will make his debut here as a pianist.

Israel in Egypt, at the Albert Hall last week, was one of the finest performances ever given by the Royal Choral Society. The great single and double choruses, particularly those relating to the Plagues of Egypt in the first part, were rendered with a fire and vigour and with a delicate attention to light and shade, which

"Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

MAX O'RELL has been preaching about the duty of cheerfulness. He says he considers the French nation the greatest philosophers. I have been told that gaiety is dying out even in France, and certainly in Ireland the laughter and sparkle of wit seems less common than in the old days, when men lived and even died with a *bon-mot* on their lips. Max O'Rell's doctrine of life is an excellent one. "Make as many people happy as you can. Live well and live long you will never have another chance." Many

excellent women do their duty nobly and self-sacrificingly, yet without an atom of cheerfulness. Religious people are especial sinners in this respect, and, *per contra*, the bohemian is cheerful with a cheerfulness that nothing can quench. Perhaps that was the secret of his great popularity. Cheerfulness is so catching. It will spread through a whole company. It is of the nature of atmosphere environing everything. The cheerful mistress of the house makes light of difficulties, she laughs at little mistakes or errors that would paralyse a more serious woman, she loves to see every one happy around her, and her bright sparkling eyes, her ready laugh, her sweet smile, cause a feeling of warmth and wellbeing to spread around. This is the art of the good hostess, and no mistress of a famous salon was ever without it. The fact that so many country house parties are dull as ditchwater, that people yawn and look bored, may be traced entirely to the want of brightness of the hostess. Every woman should cultivate cheerfulness as a duty, if she wishes to look young and pretty, and to be a social success. For the wife it is a better virtue than economy, and for the mother a higher quality than even conscientiousness. No one is wicked who laughs innocently.

The American nation has exhibited an unconcealed delight at Lord Curzon's appointment as Viceroy. His wife is called for the first time the Vice-Queen. Hitherto she has only borne her husband's title as Lady Dufferin, Lady Lansdowne. In a transport of enthusiasm the Chicago papers tell us how she intends to revolutionise society in India, and to show them how things ought to be done. They revel in the sums said to have been spent on her trousseau; they declare that 7,500*l.* will barely cover the price of her clothes, exclusive of jewels and old lace. Her mother has sent over some wonderful baby clothes, all made of the most transparent of muslin and point lace. When one hears of all these wonders one is apt to agree with Verestchagin, the painter, who says that the boasted liberty of American women consists simply in demanding money of their husbands and brothers in order to spend it in their everlasting shopping. Probably in India such gorgeous apparel will please and delight the Eastern mind, and convey to them a conviction of power, but the precedent will be a hard one, if for the future the wives of all our Viceroys and principal officials are expected to dress up to such a standard.

The experiences of old people are always interesting, and their confessions in the pages of one of the magazines convince one that many more people would live to be old had their parents endowed them with good constitutions which they took the trouble to preserve. Given the vigorous constitution, the secret of long life is easy—cheerfulness, plenty of work, moderate living and sleep. Some are teetotalers, some are not; but all of them still enjoy life. The tireless toilers seem to live the longest, as witness Mr. Gladstone, Miss Cobbe and the Queen herself. Many of these octogenarians began life as delicate persons, which ought to encourage the young who are apt to look upon life as a burden. Miss Yonge, Mrs. Oliphant, Miss Frances Power Cobbe all worked hard as journalists and writers, for it is never work but only worry that kills. A relative of my own, a vivacious old lady of ninety-three years, has had the cares of a large property on her hands all her life. Almost all have practised the same rules of regular exercise, moderation in food and early hours.



THE FIRST PERFORMANCE OF DON LORENZO PEROSI'S ORATORIO, "THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST," IN THE BASILICA OF SAINT AMBROGIO IN MILAN

DRAWN BY E. XIMENES

proved how admirably Sir Frederick Bridge had trained his forces. This time the absurd expedient adopted by Martin years ago at Exeter Hall, and by Barnby at South Kensington, of entrusting "The Lord is a Man of War" to the male voices of the choir, has been abandoned, and the duet was sung by Mr. Andrew Black and Mr. Watkin Mills was accorded an uproarious encore. Mr. Sims Reeves's concert last week was, no doubt, pecuniarily a success, while from an artistic point of view it showed how veterans like the concert giver himself, now a man of upwards of eighty, and Mr. Santley, who will shortly enter his sixty-sixth year, have preserved their voices by an excellent system of voice production.

We have been asked to contradict the statement which has been made that there will be a performance of the Passion Play at Oberammergau this year. The next representation will take place in 1900.

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

THE Floreal Club, which I am endeavouring to organise, has resulted in no inconsiderable addition to my correspondence, and has received not a little attention in many quarters. A merry writer in *The News* seems to think there are not a few drawbacks to the scheme. He says:—"Surely even the cat would laugh to see a portly bishop try to curl himself up on the hearthrug or the cushions." I do not have many bishops call in to take afternoon tea with me, but should my excellent friend the Bishop of Budleigh Salterton look in one day I think he would find the sundry and various cushions fully equal to the occasion. By the way, "The Bishop and the Floreal Club" would almost seem to suggest a "Bab Ballad" by Mr. W. S. Gilbert. The writer above quoted goes on to make a variety of amusing remarks anent my scheme, and concludes by saying that even I "must admit that the Floreal Club must be closed to ladies." Not at all. I don't admit anything of the kind. Among my correspondence on the subject the most enthusiastic letters I have received have been from ladies. If my critic had only seen a group that I did the other afternoon—which I only wish the late George du Maurier could have pictured—a group that inspired a poem, which I may publish some day—he would have been very speedily converted to my views on the subject.

The horrible weather we have recently experienced leads one to ask why all the cabs in London are not provided with tarpaulin covers for the protection of luggage? I am told that a few of them have this provision—but they are so very few that they have altogether escaped my observation. It's certainly high time that this necessary adjunct were provided throughout the whole of cabdom, for if you happened to drive during some of the everlasting showers we have recently experienced, from Paddington Station to Trafalgar Square, you would find your luggage, if placed outside the cab, would be thoroughly wet through long before you had arrived at your destination. It strikes me, too, that such an arrangement would be without doubt a benefit to the cabman, because he is entitled to twopence a piece for every separate item of luggage carried outside. In rainy weather like that we have recently experienced we make a point of having every portion of our impedimenta—however much it may inconvenience us—inside. It would be quite the reverse if we knew it was properly protected on the outside of the vehicle. Hence I am inclined to think that any cabman who invested in a serviceable tarpaulin would be entirely recouped for his outlay in the course of a week, to say nothing of what he would gain by outside luggage on future occasions.

The hopeless state of mud in which the streets have been lately induces me once more to urge upon the authorities the appointment of official crossing-sweepers. We have scavengers to keep the roads clean for wheel traffic, why do we not have sweepers to clear the paths for foot-passengers? A very minute wheel-tax would easily pay the expense of this. The walkers have the first right to the streets, but in the present day they appear to receive no consideration whatever, they are splashed all over, they are objurgated; they are frightened, they are run over, and no one has a word to say on their behalf. If someone would only organise the Foot Passengers' Protection Society, which I have frequently advocated, doubtless they would be treated with more consideration. Charitable people expend a considerable sum annually on crossing-sweepers, but even then the work is but indifferently done. If you come to think of it, the properly kept crossings are very few indeed compared with the immense area of London, and even those few are but irregularly attended to. In Liverpool at most of the crossings they have a pavement let into the roadway, and this is invariably kept well swept. Surely what is done in Liverpool could be accomplished in London. A little common sense and efficient organisation would soon put an end to our muddy footways, which, as they stand, are simply a disgrace to the richest city in the world.

It is sincerely to be trusted there is no truth in the report that ten thousand trees are to be cut down in Epping Forest for the purpose of constructing golf links. If I mistake not, Epping Forest was preserved especially as a sylvan retreat for the people, and that it was designed emphatically as a playground for Londoners on account of its proximity to the metropolis. Doubtless this was the view the Corporation had when they stepped in and prevented it being converted into eligible building sites. It seems rather hard that the enjoyment of the many should be sacrificed to the game of the few; for those who are not enthusiastic golfists hardly think it is a desirable addition to a country stroll to receive a hard golf ball unexpectedly in the eye. In the present day there is such a general disposition to convert the whole of England into one vast golf link that it would be pleasant to think there was at least one spot where you could take a harmless and inoffensive country ramble without running the risk of being severely bruised all over by the advent of unexpected missiles. If some protest is not made on the subject we may shortly expect to see golf played in the Parks. Let us at least have a few spots where "linked sweetness long drawn out" is not to be found. It would be not at all a bad idea if this reform were commenced in Epping Forest.



THE HON. WILLIAM JOHN LYDSTON POULETT
The Junior Claimant to the Poulett Peerage

There was great jubilation over the fact that the three-volume novel was exterminated, but now it is gone everyone is very sorry. I do not know anything about publishers or authors or libraries, and I do not care twopence whether they are benefited by the change or not. I am speaking entirely as one of the public, altogether from the reader's point of view. To enjoy a book thoroughly you must be allowed supreme comfort in its perusal—and you require a deal of comfort to be able to get through some of the publications of the present day—and that comfort is to be obtained, without doubt, in the old three-volume form. To begin with, one volume of the old style was just the right weight to hold, and you were enabled to have a proper pause for reflection and digestion when each third of your task was accomplished. Again, what delightful volumes those were to read—quite irrespective of their literary contents—how pleasant were the wide margins, the big double-leaded type, and how easily the leaves turned over! What a contrast to the closely printed, plethoric, one-volume stories with which we have been recently inundated. Anyone who has the courage to bring out his novel to-day in three volumes will, I have no doubt, be warmly welcomed by countless readers.



WILLIAM TURNOUR THOMAS POULETT
The Senior Claimant to the Poulett Peerage

The Poulett Peerage

THE RIVAL CLAIMANTS TO THE CORONET

THE death of the late Earl Poulett will probably add another chapter to the romance of the Peerage and the vicissitudes of great families, for, as is well known, there are two claimants to the coronet of the Earls Poulett, one of them, the individual whose appearance in the streets with a hand-organ is familiar to most Londoners, and the other a youth of sixteen.

In Dod's "Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage of Great Britain and Ireland for 1899" the Poulett Peerage is thus set forth:—

POULETT, 6th Earl. William Henry Poulett, only son of the late Vice-Admiral the Hon. George Poulett (who was brother of the 5th Earl), by the eldest daughter of Sir George Dallas, Bart. Born 1827.
He married first; June, 1849, Elizabeth Lavinia, daughter of Mr. Newman, of Landport. She died 1871.
He married secondly, in 1871, Emma Sophia Johnson. She died in 1876.
He married thirdly, in 1879, Rosa, daughter of Alfred Hugh de Melville.
By his first marriage he has a son, WILLIAM TURNOUR THOMAS, born December 15, 1849, whose legitimacy is in dispute, and who married, in 1869, Miss Lydia Ann Sheppy, and has a son, William Henry George, born 1870.
By his third marriage he has a son, WILLIAM JOHN LYDSTON, born in 1883.

These two, therefore, are the claimants: William Turnour Thomas Poulett, the organ-grinder claimant, son of the first wife of Earl Poulett; and William John Lydston, son of the third wife. The elder of these, the organ-grinder claimant, was born, according to Dod's Peerage, on December 15, 1849, within six months of his mother's marriage. The younger, William John Lydston, was born in 1883, and was declared by Earl Poulett to be his only son and the true Viscount Hinton, that being the courtesy title of the eldest sons of the Earls Poulett.

Against this assertion of Earl Poulett the elder claimant carried on his street organ a placard bearing the following inscription:—

I am Viscount Hinton, eldest son of Earl Poulett. I have adopted this as a means of earning a living, my father having refused to assist me through no fault of my own.

In the new edition of "Whitaker's Titled Persons," under the heading "Hinton, Viscount," it is stated that "at present the right to this title, used as a courtesy title of the eldest son of the Earls Poulett, is disputed, the paternity being disclaimed in the case of the elder of the two sons, who is now maintaining himself with a street organ." After the repudiation of his paternity by the Earl, the elder claimant made a living for a while as a singer and then as an actor. An accident having cut short his histrionic career, he took to the streets with an organ. He has a son, William Henry George, born 1870, and two daughters.

The story of the late Earl's first marriage is a romantic one; and there are different versions of it. One thing, however, appears certain, that fifty years ago Lieutenant Poulett, of the 22nd Regiment, then stationed at Portsmouth, married Miss Newman, daughter of a pilot at Landport. It is said that he had seen or known her before in Ireland. Subsequently he is stated to have left his wife and she went back to her mother. Six months or so after the marriage a boy was born, and upon these alleged facts arise the questions as to the succession. The claimant contends that no question was ever raised during his mother's lifetime (she died in 1871) as to his legitimacy; that if the Earl had had doubts of his paternity he would have expressed them at the birth of the boy; that he would not have continued to pay her allowance or to have increased her income year after year after the boy had reached certain age. Such, therefore, is in brief the case the elder claimant, and the whole matter is now in the hands of the lawyers. The estates of the Pouletts consist of 11,000 acres of agricultural land, rated at a rental of 22,000l. per annum, and situated on the borders of Somerset.

SOME ILLUSTRIOUS ANCESTORS

The early history of the Pouletts is an interesting one. The paternal stem of the family of Hinton St. George is the family of Poulett, Marquis of Winchester, who took their name from the lordship of Poulett in Somerset, or from a manor there, and whose pedigree goes back to the fourteenth century. The Pouletts of Hinton St. George are a branch of that family. Among their ancestors are several who have borne a considerable share in English history. Sir William Poulett was knighted by Henry VI. in the French Wars, and, by his marriage with the heiress of Hinton St. George, became possessed of that lordship. Sir Amias Poulett, his successor, was knighted for his valour at Newark-on-Trent in 1487, when the Earl of Lincoln and Lambert Simnel were defeated. It was Sir Amias Poulett who committed Wolsey to the stocks when the future great Cardinal was only a schoolmaster at Limington in Somerset. Sir Amias built the house in Fleet Street, afterwards the office of the Duchy of Cornwall, and which has been known as the "Palace of Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey." John Poulett was raised to the Peerage by the title of Baron Poulett of Hinton St. George in 1627, and was knighted, with his eldest son, John, by the Earl of Lindsey on board His Majesty's ship the *Mary Honor*, in 1635. John, the second Baron, took an active part in the Civil War on the side of the King, and it was his grandson John, the fourth Baron, who was by Queen Anne created Viscount Hinton, of Hinton St. George, and Earl Poulett.—Our portrait of the elder claimant to the Peerage is by the Muswell Photographic Company, and that of the younger by Bullingham, South Kensington.

Stories of a London Physician

DR. GEORGE HARLEY was not a man who ever made a great name with the public, though the profession knew and estimated him at his real value. His life on this account as told by his daughter, Mrs. Alec Tweedie, has much more of novelty about it than is usual in such cases, and is not only deeply interesting but leaves the reader with an intense admiration for the man who, cruelly handicapped as was Dr. Harley, yet made so brilliant a reputation, and this in a day when great names stood thicker on the roll of medical fame than now. The book is partly autobiographical, for the doctor was an indefatigable worker, never happy unless he was directing the ceaseless activity of his brain into new channels, and any new personal experiences he seems invariably to have transmitted to paper. Thus we have from his own hand vivid accounts of his killing a mad dog which was required for experiment, of his narrow escape from being shot as a spy when his adventurous spirit prompted him to wander from Vienna, where he was studying, towards the Crimea, with again many chapters on life in Paris at the time when Louis Napoleon was trying to uphold a tottering Empire. Here, again, he was nearly shot by a sentry through straying home after eleven at night while the city was under

roll back across the counterpane, feeling perfectly safe, as the box containing further ammunition had been removed. But they little guessed what the sequel would prove. Almost before the second bullet had rolled the length of the bed, without a sound the poor young man fell back upon his pillow—dead.

When, after long studying abroad, Harley returned to England, he went to Edinburgh to see his old friend Professor, afterwards Sir James, Simpson, in the hope of becoming his assistant:—

My blank astonishment—horror, rather—may be more easily imagined than described, when without the slightest word of preface he said: "You won't do for a howdie," then, seeing my look of disappointed surprise, he immediately added: "You have educated yourself too well for a howdie. I can give you letters that will get you the appointment." I was so bewildered, as well I might be, at this extraordinary address, that I sat perfectly mute while he looked up Bradshaw for the train he wished me to catch. He found what he wanted, told me the time: it left Edinburgh, told me to call in on your way to the station, and get two letters to take with you. Not a word more was spoken, for he had stricken me dumb: and we parted.

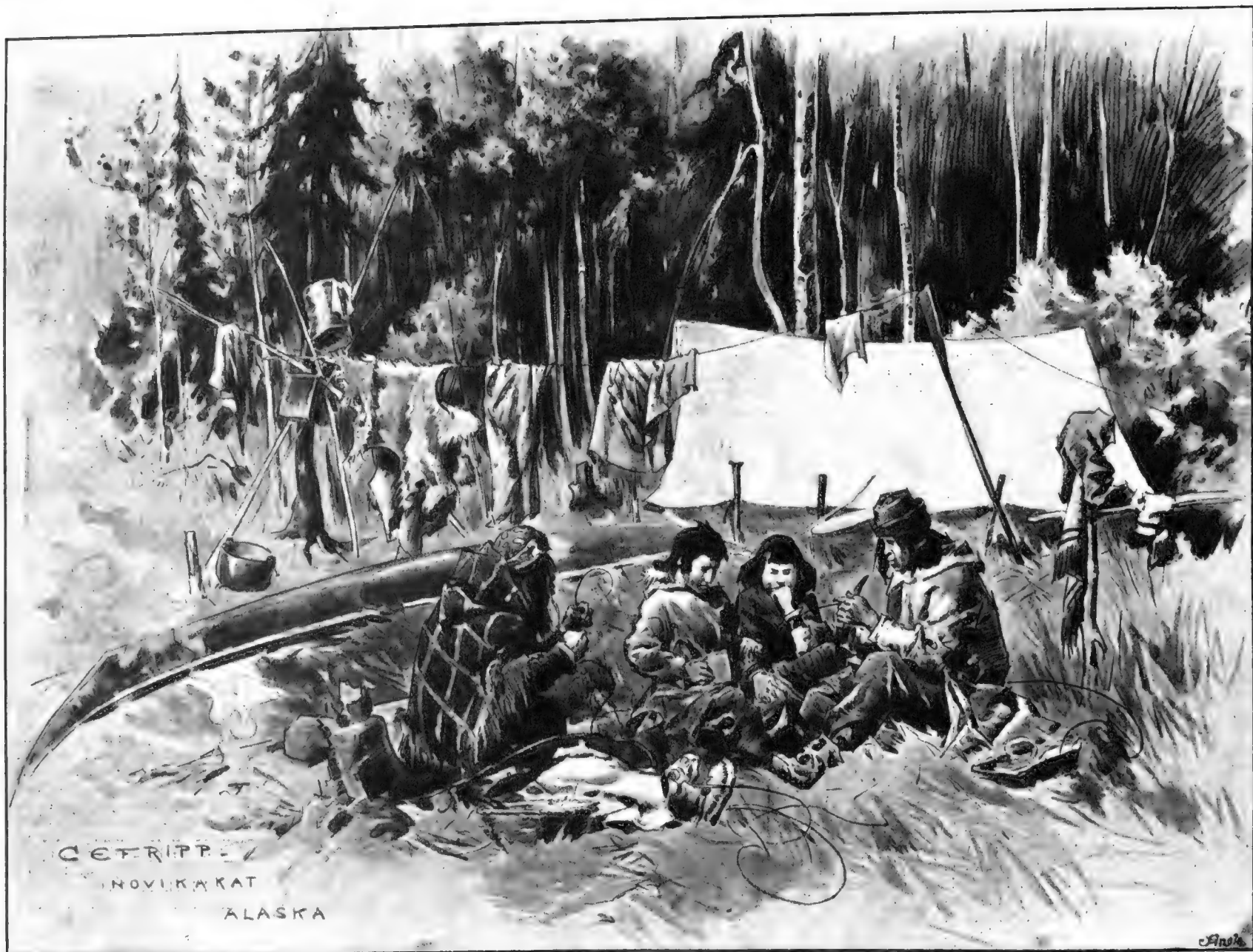
To cut matters short, he went to Birmingham, did not like the look of it at all, left his letters of introduction, but carefully managed to call with them when he knew the important man to whom he was sent was out, and then walked back to Professor Simpson and explained what he had done, saying that he intended to go abroad again for further study. Professor Simpson was naturally very angry at the cavalier way in which his letters of

Professor Sharpey, the physiologist, was the man who gave Harley the appointment at University College. George Harley was an active member of the Edinburgh University Club, and there is

A funny story in connection with Dean Stanley at one of these dinners. The great divine sat down beside my father, took up the menu, read it carefully through, and then with a sigh put it down again. "Very sad, Harley," he said, "very sad, my friend; but I have got such an awful attack of indigestion, I dare hardly eat anything, and haggis is my favourite dish."

The doctor consoled, and they chatted pleasantly for a while, but at last, though much engrossed by the conversation of his neighbour on the other side, my father was surprised to hear the Dean's squeaky voice saying: "Waiter! waiter! don't you hear me?" as he prodded the offending attendant in the back with his fork; "bring me some more of that haggis before it is all gone—and be quick!"

There are stories of Baron Liebig and the manner in which he came to invent his famous extract, anecdotes of wanderings in Spain and of many famous people, but a large part of the latter half of the book is taken up with the temporary blindness which drove Dr. Harley into idleness for two years, idleness adorned with days and nights of sleepless agony. Fearful though it must have been to him to be deprived of his work, doubtful of the future, and haunted by the dread of never seeing again, Dr. Harley seems to have retained his spirits, and turned his inquiring mind on to the subject of blindness.



Our artist, describing his journey from Dawson City to St. Michael, writes:—"We took on wood at Novikakat, a name showing that we had reached regions once under the influence of the Russians at St. Michael, still some 800 miles distant. All these places are alike; a store, a few log cabins, and Indian tents on a clearing of the timbered bank, where a few scarecrows of Indians assemble to look at the steamer, while

the passengers from the steamer go ashore to look at the Indians and their tents, where the women crouch with pipes in the middle of their flat Aunt Sally-like physiognomies. At this spot birch trees were the prevailing feature of the timber, at the edge of which there was quite a mass of purple flowering willow shrub, which the Indians work into baskets."

TO KLONDYKE AND BACK: BASKET-MAKING AT AN INDIAN ENCAMPMENT ON THE YUKON

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. FRIPP

martial law. Recalling his adventure at dinner the next day, a French officer who was present animadverted strongly on the sentry for not having fired!

In his boyhood his thirst for adventures began, because we read that when at Edinburgh Castle he crawled into "Mons. Meg" to astonish people by speaking "two words or three" through the touch-hole, and astonished himself by not being able to get out. Indeed, not until a squad of soldiers were brought was he rescued from the old cannon. Though wild and adventurous, he was never a practical joker, and the origin of his dread of practical joking is said to have arisen from his story of a medical student friend, who declared that he had no fear or belief in ghosts. His friends tested him with the common ghost, composed of a sheet over a broom, and failed to alarm him, in fact only made him announce that he would do for the ghost next time. The students were quite ready for the next time.

Two or three of these young fellows stayed outside the door while their chosen companion impersonated the ghost. He glided in. Through the darkness the long gaunt figure was visible to the drowsy sleeper, who sat bolt upright in bed. He glared upon the ghost, put his hand under his pillow, found the pistol he had bought for the purpose, took aim, and fired. The ghost stood his ground. Slowly and silently the bullet rolled back to the affrighted man across the counterpane. He fired the second chamber; the second bullet quietly rolled back again as before.

Having heard that he had procured a revolver, one of the students crept up to his room last thing, and extracted the two bullets, which he gave to the ghost to

introduction had been treated, but he seems to have had a soft place in his heart for the young medico, whom many years before he had nearly killed by experimenting on him with chloroform—(Harley was one of the three or four people on whom he first experimented).—and stood by him when, after his return from abroad, he wished for and obtained the appointment of Lecturer on Practical Physiology and Histology at University College. After this, like many another, he thought that when he put up a doorplate, patients and guineas would come rolling in, but after his first year at 22, Nottingham Place, he took down the plate, packed it in his portmanteau, and moved away, as he had taken five guineas only, two of which came from a lady on the drawing-room floor. Clever scientist though he was, George Harley was not proof against the plausible impostor, as several stories show:—

One evening a gentleman called, and, after telling him a sad tale or woe about one of his children being dead in Edinburgh, and explaining that he was an intimate friend of Dr. Sharpey's, whom he had gone to see with the intention of asking him for the loan of 5*l.* to get back to Edinburgh by that night's train, he went on to state that, finding that Dr. Sharpey was from home, he ventured to call on Dr. Harley and beg his assistance in so sudden and great an emergency. As related it seem'd such a pitiful story that the 5*l.* was at once handed over.

A few days after, when my father saw Sharpey, he said to him: "What a sad case that is of your friend Mr. B."

"My friend," exclaimed Sharpey. "I never saw him in my life till he came to borrow 5*l.* to take him to Edinburgh, where his child lay dead. He told me he was an old friend of yours, but you were out of town; would I therefore help him? And I did."

"For nine long weary months," writes the doctor, "I never saw a human face, not even my own, and many were the strangers introduced to me during that time, regarding the appearance of every one of whom I had formed a definite mental photograph, always, without a single exception, better looking than the original."

"We pity the blind for not seeing, and justly too; but little do seeing people dream that those devoid of physical sight live in an imaginative world of their own, far more beautiful, far more perfect, far more minute in its detail, than any which the visual eye is capable of creating for us."

He made experiments when he was allowed first to see again if he could recognise people with whom he had been familiar for months by touch and description, but failed utterly, while, writes his daughter,

Perhaps one of the strangest symptoms, or results, of my father's banishment into the land of darkness was that, instead of losing his visual power by blindness, his vision became excessively acute; but he did lose for a considerable time the power of differentiating colours; everything appeared to him as either black or white.

Gradually the invalid became able to discriminate between blue and red, yellow and green, and would have little pieces of silk of the different colours placed before him and pick them out, adding their names as he handed them to my mother. At first he was often wrong, and, strangely enough, the last colours that he was ever able to classify were greys and mauves. For the first month all mauves, blues, greens, and yellows appeared perfectly white, while greys, browns, and reds looked distinctly black.

More than this, my father had entirely lost the capacity for calculating distances, even the shortest, by the eye. Two facts which he maintained prove that the calculation of distances and the distinction of colour by the sight are not intuitive, but rather the offspring of education, and explain why infants continually knock over the things they try to take hold of.



DRAWN BY W. H. HALL, R.E.
A Correspondent, describing his life at sea during a voyage to the East, writes:—"These is an inspection of the whole crew of the ship on Sunday before morning service. The Europeans and lascars are drawn up on the starboard, the coloured firemen on the port side of the boat.
LIFE ON BOARD A P. AND O. LINER: THE ROLL CALL ON SUNDAY MORNING
of the line is a serang or petty officer corresponding to a boatswain. The commander, followed by his chief officer, the purser, and doctor walk along the line, the commander saluting and the men returning his salute.
FROM A SKETCH BY SYDNEY P. HALL

A wonderfully interesting chapter is that which describes the household of that eccentric old naturalist, Squire Waterton, while the glimpses of the Royal Society Club, which, in 1893, celebrated the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its foundation, and of which Dr. Harley was a distinguished member, are most interesting. As a concluding story though, delightful in its illustration of the Scottish dislike to not getting value for money expended. It refers to Dr. Sharpey, the famous physiologist, who one day astonished Dr. Harley by saying at lunch:—

"I'm going to be married, Harley."

"What!" exclaimed my father, looking at the old gentleman, who was almost blind, in perfect amazement; then recovering himself he said: "I hope you will be very happy, and are getting a nice suitable and sensible wife, who will look well after you."

"Nonsense! nothing of the sort!" replied the elderly scientist indignantly. "I'm going to marry a most beautiful girl of seventeen or eighteen."

My father hardly knew what to reply, for Dr. Sharpey was now seventy and had been a bachelor all his life.

"Don't you approve of my idea," asked the intending Benedict, "that you sit there so silent?"

"I feel rather knocked over; I'm a little surprised."

"What! that a girl will have me?"

"Oh no, not at all; but that you, with your confirmed bachelor ways, should think of a girl."

"Well, the fact is, I don't think I shall live long now; that is why I have decided to marry."

This information only made his determination the more remarkable, until he vouchsafed the explanation that for some fifty years he had been a subscriber to the Scottish Widows' Fund, his mother having thought it a good thing for him to begin as a young man. When, however, he got to be about sixty, and still found himself unmarrried, he wrote to have his name taken from the books. This the company refused point blank, declaring *volens vultus* he must go on paying to the day of his death. At seven y he again appealed to be released from his yearly payments, but with the same result; and so now, feeling that his days were numbered, he laughingly declared he was ready on his deathbed to provide for some young and beautiful dame, provided the lady were willing to marry him at so late a hour in order to secure the pension to procure which he had paid premiums for half a century.

Alas for the sake of the unknown charmer, the good man died unmarried!

One leaves this book reluctantly, feeling that one has been in the company of a man of exceptional quality who struggled against almost overwhelming difficulties. Not many men would have had the courage to return again and again as he did to the field of his labours, and build up anew the fabric of his life's work ruthlessly shattered by illness; but he did this brilliantly, and even when compelled to give up his microscopic work, where he was pre-eminent, he turned his energies into other channels with unflagging energy. A pioneer of medical science in England, it pained him to see England lagging behind so wofully in the race with Germany, Austria, and France, but he lived to see splendid fruit of his labours and English science second to none. That he was a disappointed man to a certain extent is doubtless true, but this never spoiled his nature, and in the profession himself and his work were always estimated at their true value. A brilliant conversationalist, too, he was popular wherever he went, but the last impression left after reading Mrs. Tweedie's delightful book is of a great man struggling against fate heroically. Pity it is that in such cases the mind should not have a body robust enough to keep up with it. ("George Harley, F.R.S." By Mrs. Alec Tweedie. Scientific Press, Ltd.)

The Late Princess of Bulgaria

GREAT grief is felt in Bulgaria at the death of the Princess of Bulgaria, which occurred on Tuesday. Her Royal Highness gave birth to a daughter on Monday, and her death was due to an attack of influenza complicated with pneumonia, followed by the weakness consequent upon premature confinement. The

Princess Marie Louise de Bourbon was born in Rome on January 17, 1870, and was, consequently, just twenty-nine years old. She was the daughter of Don Robert de Bourbon, Duke of Parma, grandson of Louis XIV. and founder of the Spanish Bourbon dynasty. The Princess was educated by an English lady, Miss Mary Frayer, who afterwards became a Lady-in-Waiting. In 1893 she married Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria. A son was born to them in 1894, Prince Boris. The Princess had strong objections to his being received into the Greek Church, as desired by the Prince. In 1896, in spite of her objections, the Prince had the child baptised in the Greek Church. After



THE LATE PRINCESS OF BULGARIA AND PRINCE BORIS

that the Princess left Bulgaria with the little Prince, and lived away for some time. A reconciliation, however, subsequently took place, and she returned. The Tsar took Prince Ferdinand into his favour after the baptism of the child, and the Prince was recognised by all the Powers as Prince of Bulgaria. Three more children were subsequently born to the Prince and Princess—Prince Cyril, Prince Eudoxia, and the daughter who was born on Monday in such unhappy circumstances.

THE management of the ALHAMBRA have added to the numerous items of their bill a new fairy ballet entitled *The Red Shoes*. It is founded on a story by Hans Christian Andersen, or rather on a dramatic adaptation of that story which has enjoyed a great popularity on the Continent. *The Red Shoes* is perhaps the most tasteful and brilliant of the many pieces of its class.

"What will the World Say?"

By W. MOY THOMAS

TO say of Mr. Bancroft's new comedy at TERRY'S Theatre that we have seen worse pieces of its class would be little to the point, for we want to see better, and we have no doubt that we shall see better when this young dramatist has learnt to rely on his own invention and observation of life. He is ambitious, he is persevering, and he has shown on a previous occasion true dramatic instincts; but at present he is passing through that imitative stage from which at the commencement of their career few young writers wholly escape. Unfortunately he has aggravated his offence by choosing unworthy models. His story is a satire upon snobbishness and social ambition; but it is treated in a conventional fashion which does not at any point carry conviction to the mind of the spectator. Prosperous solicitors there may have been who desire to marry a daughter to a vulgar Peer of the realm, and who think to dazzle the world by taking a mansion in Park Lane; but they could hardly have been so simple-minded as Mr. Bancroft's Mark Westoby, who is content with a Peer for his son-in-law, though this titled personage is reduced to gain a living by driving a hansom cab about town, and who invites the entire Press of London to inspect his newly hired mansion—though he has nothing to show his visitors but some ordinary drawing-room furniture supplied by a well-known house in Tottenham Court Road. Mr. Westoby, having made a fortune by his practice as a solicitor, must be presumed to possess some amount of worldly shrewdness; but how comes it that this astute man of the law has allowed himself to be involved in a swindling company, the collapse of which brings discredit on his name? Mr. Edward Terry does all that could be done with this purely artificial personage, but his eccentric humour could not conceal the inconsistency and unreality of the portrait. A piece of acting deserving of a better occasion was supplied by Miss Carlotta Addison as Westoby's wife, who in vain warns her husband of the inevitable result of his follies; but it is impossible not to feel that a wife with so decisive a character and so sound a judgment would in ordinary life have gained more influence

over so weak and wavering a partner. Westoby's daughter Betty, who escapes from her father's foolish matrimonial project by eloping with a young lover, who, though not sociably distinguished, is more likely to make her a good husband, is prettily played by Miss Frances Dillon, and there is an honest, manly manner in Mr. Marsh Allen's Geoffrey Passmore which decidedly tends to confirm the young lady's preference. The humours of Betty's intriguing maiden aunts, Priscilla, Drusilla, and Camilla, are too crude and mechanical to be amusing, though these parts are respectively played by such capable actresses as Miss M. A. Victor, Miss Susie Vaughan and Miss Lydia Rachel. Mr. Bancroft has chosen for the motto of his play a poetical quotation, which concludes with the proposition that "there's nothing true but Heaven;" but it is to be hoped that the truth, which is so conspicuously wanting in its pictures of life of "the present day" will be ultimately found by him nearer home.

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TWO NOVELS BY L. T. MEADE

"THE CLEVEREST WOMAN IN ENGLAND" (James Nisbet and Co.) is a title which implies rather a large order. Mrs. Meade, however, has not only called Dagmar Ollofson clever, but made her

so; and a formidable illustration of the near alliance of great wits and madness besides. For the mess her cleverness makes of her life amounts to tragedy. She, an advanced woman of the most active order, and her intensely conservative husband, arrange to follow their own public lives independently of one another—even as opponents on occasion—and the experiment makes havoc of the domestic happiness of two good people who love one another. The situation is only terminated by Dagmar's death from malignant smallpox, the result of her having turned her (and her husband's) house into a hospital for all sorts and conditions of women. Nevertheless we are to understand that her life was not lost as an inspiration to her fellow-women of great things—always supposing that any things can be greater than small duties. The novel is ally written, pathetic, and interesting even to persons who are beginning to get too much from lady-writers about their sex's future.

"Mary Gifford, M.B." (Gardner, Darton, and Co.), is not so much about women as about a woman—one who tells the story of now, having obtained a medical degree with very high honours, she failed to get a West End practice, and devoted herself to philanthropic work in the poorest part of Hoxton. Her portraiture of the slums will be found only too painfully realistic by all who have had the smallest practical experience of them; and not a few who have had the most will, it is to be feared, be tempted to share in the semi-pessimist impression that work in them is of great benefit—to the workers. At any rate, "Mary Gifford, M.B." is a book that everybody ought to read, and that nobody will regret reading.

"THE SILVER CROSS"

The prevalent Dumas fever is presumably answerable for "The Silver Cross" (Hutchinson and Co.), by S. R. Keightley. Based on the convenient antagonism between Cardinal Mazarin and Madame de Chevreuse, it may be taken as an illustration of the favour shown by fortune to fools; for surely the hero and narrator of the story, Alphonse de Fontanes, is pre-eminent even among those of his order for self-complacent fatuity. In that respect the novel is rather amusing; and that it is full of the usual perils and escapes follows from our first sentence. In short it is a rather favourable specimen of a class of which to know one is to know all.

"ANGEL"

Mr. Howard, a great landowner in the north of England, finding that his *fiancée* was secretly carrying on with a pirate, failed to turn up in church on his intended wedding day, and hid himself in lodgings at a lonely spot on the north coast of Cornwall. Here he casually meets an octroon, who turns out to be his own long-lost mother, married to another pirate—one of the first-class sort, who punctuates his harangues with "Ha, ha!" The first Pirate turns



BALL GOWN

Of pale yellow mousseline de soie, adorned white lace and also black chenille. Corsage has shoulder straps of lace ornamented with strass, and two strass buttons linked together fasten the front. Black tulle is draped round the shoulders, and there is a black velvet waistband.

out to be the second pirate's son, and, therefore, Mr. Howard's half-brother; while a pretty girl named "Angel" turning out not to be Mr. Howard's sister, is left to make him happy when a storm, helped by wreckers, clears the stage of all such relations as might prove objectionable. Such is the general outline of the novel which Mrs. Ensell has named after the pretty girl; and anybody who likes the outline will be certain to like the book.

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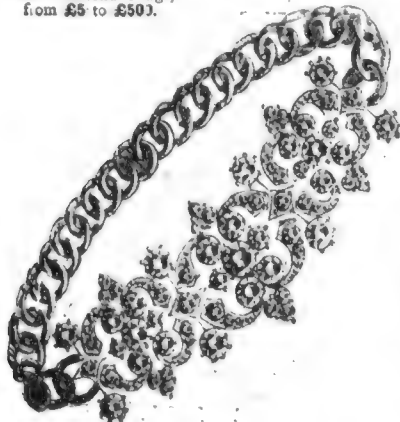
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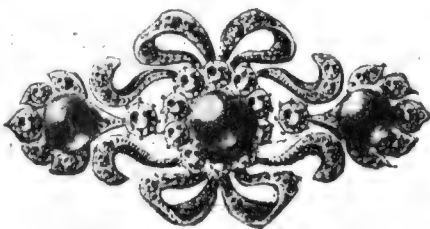
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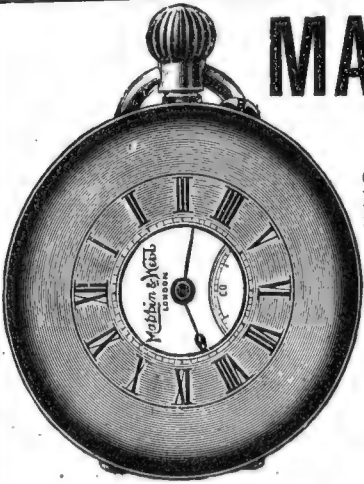
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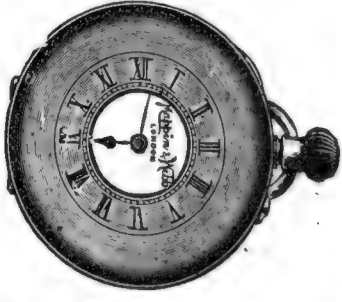
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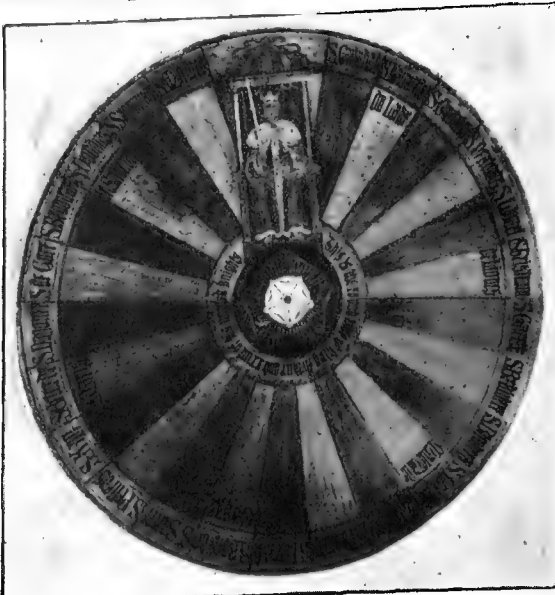
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King Arthur's Round Table

THE table shown in our illustration has just been made by Messrs. Waring and Son for King Arthur's Castle Hotel, Tintagel. It is exactly modelled on the famous Round Table which now stands in the Town Hall at Winchester. This interesting table, formed of one piece of solid wood eighteen feet in diameter—which bears the marks of the bullets fired by Cromwell's soldiers—is credited with being the table at which, according to the Arthurian legend, the King sat with those knights who were selected for their valour and other admirable qualities from among the many others at his Court who combined to set the whole world an example in courage, bravery and grace. From the Court of King Arthur, as everyone has heard, knights went forth in search of adventure, to protect women, to chastise oppressors, liberate the enchanted, enchain giants and malicious dwarfs; but of all the gallant knights who made King Arthur's Court famous the select few who sat at the Round Table represented best the chivalric ideal—*sans peur et sans reproche*. The first Round Table was made by Merlin at Carduel for Uter Pendragon. Uter gave it to King Leodegrance of Camelyard, and King Leodegrance gave it to Arthur when the latter married Guinever, his daughter. The Round Table usually referred to now, though, is a smaller one, which Henry VIII. showed Francois I. at Winchester, saying that it was the one used by the British King. The following is a list of the names on the table:—Sir Galahad, Sir Launcelot du Lake, Sir Gavaine, Sir Percivale, Sir Lior-el, Sir Tristram de Liones, Sir Gareth, Sir Bedivere, Sir Bleoberis, Sir La Cote Male Taille, Sir Lucane, Sir Palamides, Sir Lamerock, Sir Bors de Ganys, Sir Satere, Sir Pelleas, Sir Kay, Sir

Ector de Maris, Sir Dagonet, Sir de Gorr, Sir Brumear, Sir Dodinas le Savage, Sir Sagamore, Sir Mordred.



FACSIMILE OF KING ARTHUR'S TABLE AT WINCHESTER

The Gordon Memorial College Fund

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A CORRESPONDENT in Tuticorin, referring to an article on the Shrine of St. Fidelis, in our issue of December 17, points out that the portrait described as the Keeper of the Shrine is that of Don Gabriel Lazarus Mothavez, the head of the Barathar community.

THE CHINESE ARMY is becoming a very different power from the raw troops worsted by the Japanese. Certain levies brought up to Pekin to guard the Empress Dowager are described as making a brave show, both in their drill and equipment of well-kept rifle and ample cartridges—no bow and arrow nonsense. They rode at a slow trot in compact companies of fifty, with waving of silk banners and fluttering of scarlet cloaks, their long red-tufted lances quivering in their hands.

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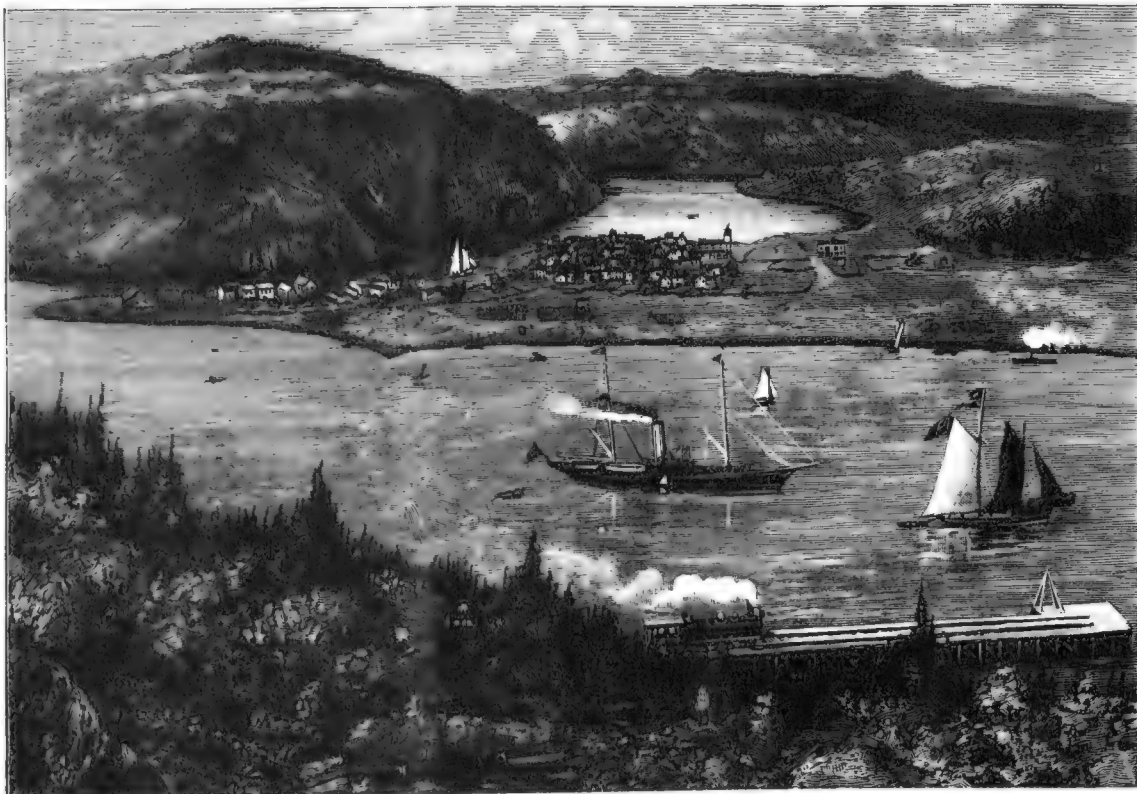
FARMING AND SPORT IN NEWFOUNDLAND

WRITTEN BY D. W. PROWSE, Q.C., AND ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK DADD, R.I., FROM SKETCHES BY J. W. HAYWARD



Mr. Geo. Nicholls, whose farm and new house on the upper reach of the Humber are shown, settled here twenty-seven years ago, when there were but few white men in the district other than the trappers and lumberers, of whom he was one

A TYPICAL EARLY SETTLER'S FARM



Placentia was the old French capital. In the foreground are French cannon dismounted and thrown from the top of the hill

GREAT PLACENTIA FROM CASTLE HILL



This is one of the finest spots for salmon and trout in season, though few are to be had at any other time

A PICNIC PARTY ON THE SALMONIER RIVER, AT THE HEAD OF ST. MARY'S BAY

SWITZERLAND has been well named "the playground of Europe." In a very special manner Newfoundland should be the playground of America. Her whole interior is one great deer-park, a huge game enclosure, uninhabited save by the few section men along the railway line. The only poachers on her preserves are a stray Mic-Mac Indian or an odd white man. All over this vast, wild country, larger than Ireland, wander great herds of the lordly caribou, finest of the reindeer tribe. Dr. Davis, who wrote a book on deer-shooting in the colony, says his party in a space of about fifty square miles saw upwards of 900 caribou. The deer migrate north in the spring after the does have brought forth their fawns. In the autumn they proceed again to the south-west, following beaten tracks. These have been so long used by the countless herds of migrants that the very stones are worn smooth in the ruts by the passing thousands.

Deer-stalking is the sport of Princes in Europe. In our colony it is one of the common occupations of a Newfoundland fisherman, especially on the S.W. coast, where he has grand battues in the winter; many are also killed north in a very ignominious way, when passing over lakes and rivers, as depicted in one of the sketches. Formerly the deer-shooter had to get on the grounds through much labour and toil; to-day, with the railway, he can begin his stalking almost at any point on the line beyond Glenwood. The most delightful sport is obtained by taking camp, canoe, and guides down one of the lakes or rivers; by this means a larger range of country is obtained. Any ordinary decent shot can kill caribou. A good rifle with a heavy bullet is required. Sport begins in July; there is a close season for a short time in October. No more than three stags and two does can be killed by one person, and the license for the non-resident is 20/. (100 dols.).

I will admit the soft impeachment, I am not a deer-stalker. The hunter for big game will find the very best information in Admiral Sir W. Kennedy's book, "Sport and Travel in Newfoundland and the West Indies," and in Dr. Davis's later work. Like old Sommerville, I think—

Of all the joys that sporting yields,
Give me to range the stubble fields
Quite early in September.

Game shooting over dogs is, to my mind, the most delightful of all outdoor recreations. Our bird, the willow grouse, both on the table and on the moors, is equal, if not superior, to his Scotch compeer. For fifty years this has been my favourite diversion, nothing has ever kept me from being out on the first day. I am as keen after it as a young lieutenant commander of my acquaintance who shot along the shores of a Scotch loch, the crew of H.M. gunboat acting as beaters, whilst the cook steered and two hands manned the engine-room. Newfoundland moors, locally known as "barrens," lie high, and it is a stiff pull to get up to them; there are often woods to go through, your guide says "a few scattered trees," you find it is a dense forest of half a mile. At last you arrive, blown and hot, pull yourself together, for Don on your right is on a hot scent. How fresh the air feels. Before you lie long level plains bordered with low woods carpeted everywhere with berry-bearing shrubs—blue berries (Hurts in the vernacular), marsh berries and every variety of wild fruit. By this time Don, slowly roading, sets as steadily as if carved in stone, whilst Bang and Shot, rare old dogs, are backing. What can be more delightful than to watch perfect setters, especially if you have trained them yourself? Just as you approach Don there is a whirl of wings and a dozen brown birds are in the air; you lose your nerve and shoot into the brown or, a cool old hand, you bag right and left. But, well or ill, your Irish guide consoles you. If it is an easy pot shot, "Bedad," says he, "that was a nate touch;" for a blundering disgraceful miss, "Arrah, who could hit 'em at all, at all? sure they're as wild as hawks." With very hard walking and very straight powder and very good dogs, you wind up the long day with a bag of, perhaps, ten brace. As a general thing I am not a good shot, but I have had always wonderfully good sport when going through the country on duty as judge and magistrate with the constabulary. Once, in sight of the police, witnesses and prisoners, I shot a whole covey of grouse without a miss. Each time for the eight birds I had to swing round to kill with the left barrel. The last grouse fell into a cleft of the rock, and I helped to lower down one of the prisoners—a slim fellow—by the heels until he could grasp the bird with his hands. These delinquents were all good gunners; they might not value my law, or respect my justice, but they realised that my aims were true.

To the fly fisherman, Newfoundland offers the most unrivalled attractions. There are lakes and rivers innumerable, all full of trout and salmon, a veritable angler's paradise that would have delighted old Izaak Walton's heart. Our waters seem specially suited to the salmonidae. Loch Leven and Rainbow trout from California have thriven marvellously, fish of four, five, six, and even seven pounds weight have been taken near St. John's from lakes stocked with the imported ova. There is not only plenty of sport for the common bait fisher, but the refined artist of the fly will be still more gratified with sea trout, brown trout, and salmon. By virgin streams, by moors where the wild birds have never seen the face of man, where the grouse lie as tame as chicken; by lovely placid lakes, past woods and mountains, the hunter, the canoeist, the angler and the mere camper-out may wander at his own sweet will, enjoying



This town is two miles from Great Placentia
LITTLE PLACENTIA FROM THE RAILWAY

as only the real lover of nature, the true sportsman, can enjoy, the fragrant breath of the pine forests, the joy of the wild island scenery, sometimes rugged, often grand, always beautiful.

The late S. G. W. Benjamin, one of the most accomplished art critics of the New York *Century Magazine*, writing about the west coast of Newfoundland, says:—"The sun also came out, the clouds rolled away, and the magnificent scenery of the Bay of Islands lay around us. We felt more than repaid for the efforts required for us to reach it. The coast scenery of the world offers few prospects more grand, more varied, more enchantingly beautiful than this; certainly on the Atlantic Coast of North America it is not to be found." The Humber River and Deer Lake are just as beautiful as this famous Bay. Your artist has drawn two angling sketches, scenes familiar to all who live in the capital of the colony. The beautiful little river at Salmonier, and the estuary and stream at Placentia—the latter, a very picturesque, beautiful spot. Famous as the chief fortified city of the French, when they occupied this part of Newfoundland, memorable too for many a hard-fought



This farm of ten acres on the Humber Arm was cleared in a year
HALCYON FARM



This is a famous place for salmon and trout. Settlers have caught as many as 200 barrels here in summer. Seals go up to the lakes in great numbers, and it is a curious sight to see them following each other. They dive first and then with the impetus thus gained, they jump much like porpoises, but leaping quite out of the water. The net shown in the illustration is for salmon.

CAVE SEALS ASCENDING THE HUMBER RIVER

July. Our rods went astray; with the exception of one member of the party, a nephew of Professor Jebb, M.P., we had very poor tackle. None of us were really experts; I frankly admit that I am only a very inferior exponent of the noble and gentle art of fly fishing. We hooked over twenty fish in one pool alone, and landed less than half. We were rather late for the river, but we had capital sport; between us we bagged enough salmon to feed the gang of men engaged on the railway bridge for two days, and brought eight fish aboard the steamer. All the big salmon had gone up the river, and our catch were all grilse, but lively ones, averaging four to five pounds. Troutling is the young islanders' favourite amusement; he counts his catch by the dozen. Fifty years ago one who took a day off for sport was thought to have entered the very gates of perdition. I remember an old Scotchman whispering to me, "Sandy McPhail, the grocer, has gone awa' feshing; he does nae wesh it to be generally known, for fear it may injure his business."

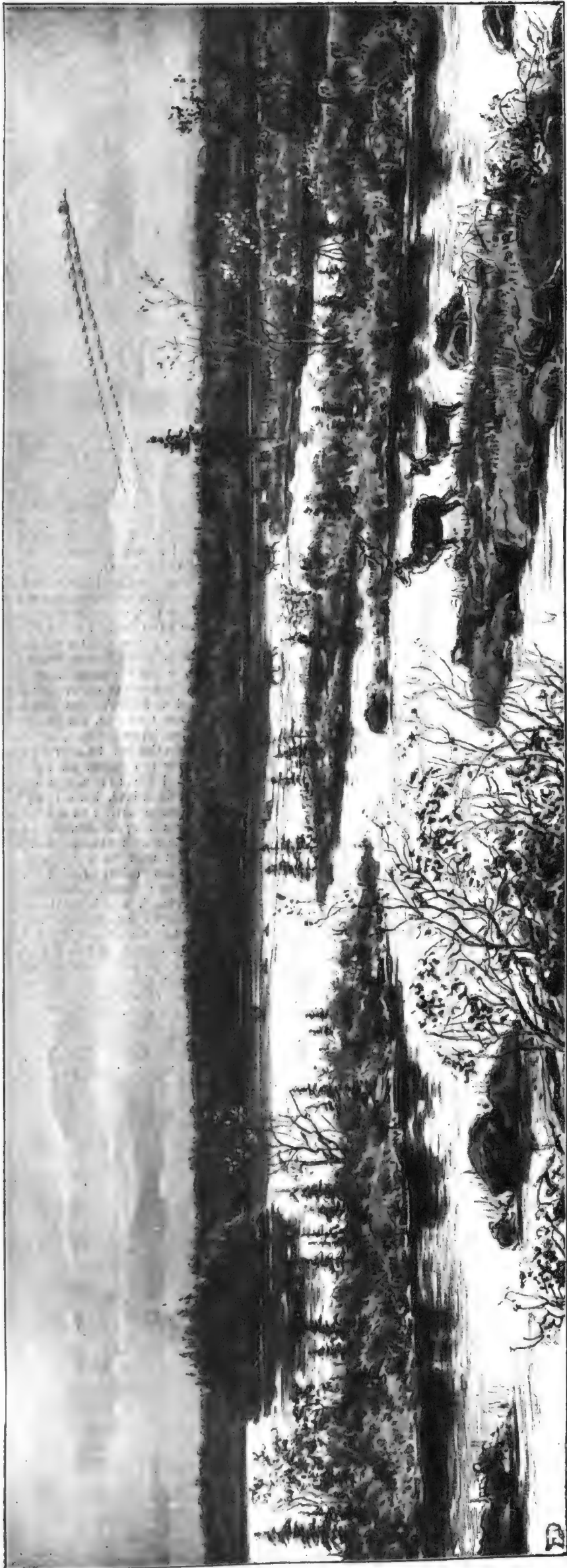
The *Graphic*, in reviewing my History of Newfoundland, credited me with having discovered the Island for modern readers, as truly as did old Cabot in 1498. The true discoverer of Newfoundland for the tourist, the sportsman, and the speculator, is the railway and Mr. R. G. Reid's fine steamer *Bruc*. Before the advent of

engagement between the rival powers; it is now connected by railway with St. John, and is a favourite resort for fishermen and grouse shooters. Both rivers in the season abound with trout and salmon. They are small, and the salmon, though sometimes very plentiful, do not run large. Salmonier Arm, a fine sheet of water, lies at the bottom of St. Mary's Bay on the south coast, and the river gives very good sport, twenty, thirty, and lately fifty, grilse were taken there by two rods in one day.

Salmon rivers abound all over the island. The most celebrated on the west coast are the Humber, Grand River Codroy, Little Codroy, Harry's Brook. On this last-named stream a son of Sir W. V. Whiteway caught a thirty-five-pound fish, the chaplain of H.M.S. *Cordelia* a thirteen-pounder last season. In the north, at Hare Bay, a twenty-five-pound fish was taken. Captain Farquhar, R.N., H.M.S. *Buzzard*, bagged fifty fish one day, and the rest of the officers made up a hundred.

Nothing can exceed the beauty of some of our southern and western rivers. The Humber, both in its upper and lower reaches, is wonderfully picturesque; Sandy Pond River could rival the Thames at Richmond. To my own fancy, however, the Grand Codroy, both for sport and beauty, has no equal in the island. When in full flood it is as large as the Severn, and the fishing extends over forty-five miles on the main stream, and for a considerable distance on one of its branches.

In June of last year, an American, Mr. Howells, in about ten days' fishing landed 800 lb. weight of good, clean run salmon; they ranged from 17 lb. to 7 lb. I went there with a party of friends in



Brien's Pond is a fine sheet of water right in the interior, and is a well-known crossing point for deer in their migrations
GENERAL VIEW OF DEER FERRY LAKE, OR BRIEN'S POND, WITH DEER CROSSING



SALMONIER DEER PARK: A FAVOURITE STALKING GROUND

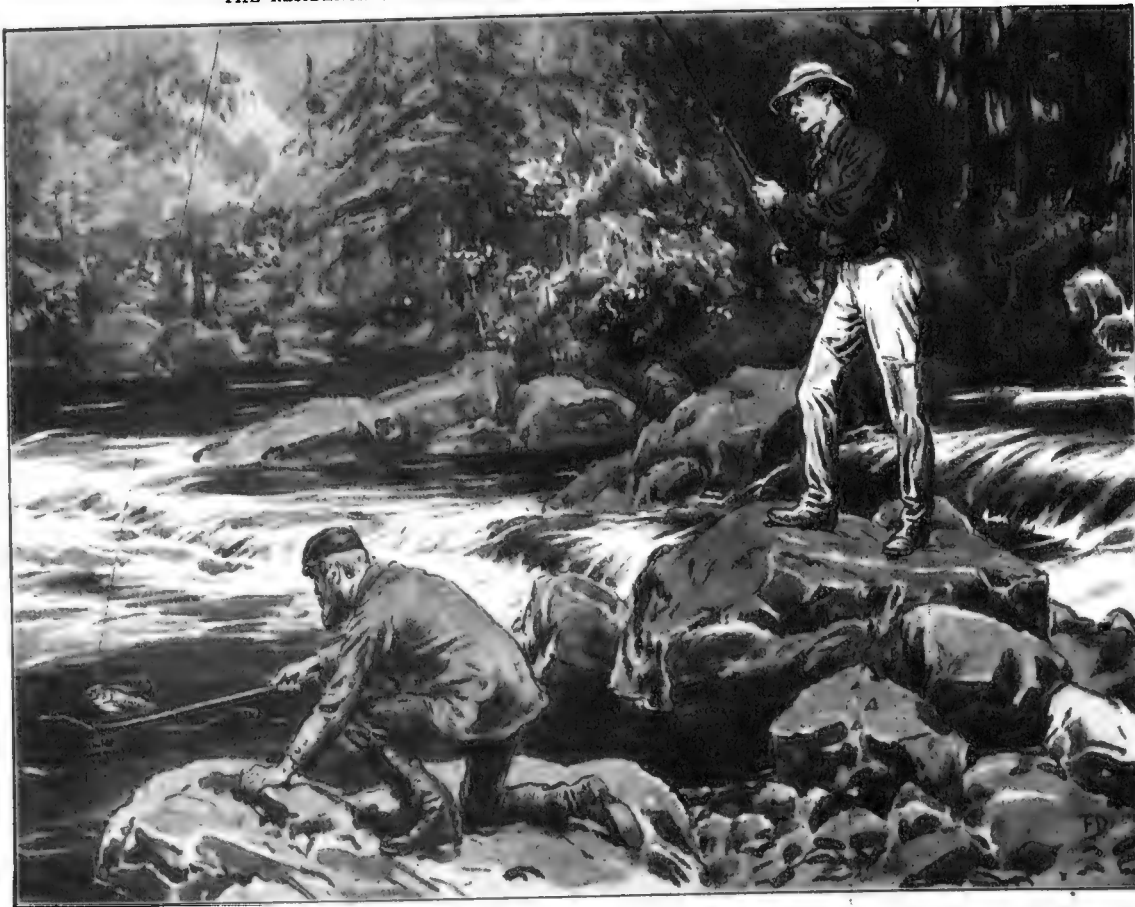


AT HORSE POINT BOG, DEER FERRY LAKE: COOKING KIDNEYS AFTER A KILL



The Messrs. Constable are sons of the publisher, and grand-nephews of Sir Walter Scott. They came here over five-and-twenty years since, and then gave up the place for seventeen or eighteen years; but hearing in London of the advent of the railway, they returned here and cleared a plantation

THE RESIDENCE OF MESSRS. CONSTABLE AT NORRIS'S ARM, GREEN BAY



This spot, at the north-east arm of Placentia Bay on the way to Whitbourne, and about four and a half miles from St. John's, is the Waltonian's Paradise. Beyond the ponds there is good deer ground

SALMON FISHING AT PLACENTIA

the line across the country; Newfoundland lay outside the world, remote, unfriended, and unknown. To-day she is linked with the railway system of America, fairly launched on the ways of progress.

In all the provinces of the Canadian Dominion agriculture is the chief occupation of the people, the main source of wealth. In Newfoundland alone, the fishery overshadows all other industries; until within the last half century it was really the only business pursued in the colony. The ingathering of the great harvest of the sea has in no small degree retarded the progress of the island. The fish wealth so abundantly procured all around her shores has obscured the wealth of the forest, the mine, and the soil. The repressive policy pursued by England towards the colony for over three centuries has also had a most baneful effect. It will hardly be credited that it was only on June 26, 1814, that the Governor, Sir R. Keats, was permitted to issue grants of land, and the widow of Sir Thomas Cochrane, the first Newfoundland ruler who was allowed to make roads in the colony, is still alive. The records of the island contain some extraordinary instances of this barbarous attempt to stop its natural development. The idea was to keep Newfoundland simply as a station for the ship fishermen from England. Everything which interfered in any way with this business was to be sternly repressed. There is quite a lively discussion in the old journals about a Newfoundlander who dared to put a chimney in his house. Before a House of Commons Committee one old west country merchant said he was informed that the natives were going to make roads, next thing they would be driving carriages, and what was to become of the fishery then?

It must always be remembered that the Newfoundlanders of this century have had all these things to contend with; the island is yet in its infancy. As regards modern progress, its real birth may be dated from the building of the first railway in 1881. Now that the line is completed, and we are closely connected with the continent, all good things are possible for us in the future. Newfoundland as an agricultural country must not be judged from the appearance of its eastern seaboard. The land on this side of the island is generally a shallow loam with a substratum of gravel round the capital and neighbourhood. Where it has been well cultivated it yields splendid crops, and the farming is as good as can be found anywhere in the provinces. Wheat, barley, oats, and all common vegetables are raised in abundance, and of super-excellent quality. Cattle put out to graze on the wild pastures fatten quickly; sheep fed on our high grassy downs produce the finest mutton in America. The colony as a field for agriculture must not be estimated from the Atlantic side. Its Western shore presents quite a different aspect. Last summer, where I was camped salmon fishing on the Grand River Codroy, I pointed out to my companion, a Shropshire squire, nephew of Professor Jebb, M.P., the soil around our tent, a deep black loam. I saw our men drive stakes into it over two feet. I asked him his opinion, as a practical farmer. His reply was that it was as fine agricultural land as could be found in England or anywhere else. There was no mistake about its quality and the extent of splendid soil in both these Codroy valleys. The scenes which your artist has drawn on the Humber River and at Nichol's Farm show some of the difficulties a new settler has to contend with, and his success. Good land in the colony generally carries good timber, and on all these fertile river valleys and lakes, the Gander, Humber Exploits, Terra Nova, Deer Lake, there are over two million acres waiting for the pioneer. To my own mind the two valleys of the Codroy rivers contain not only the finest land, but the very best situation. The railway runs along close to the river for over twenty miles. The river itself is navigable for a long distance, and the sea coast is accessible in winter when the eastern coast is beset with ice. The farming on the west coast until recently was of the most primitive description, and was chiefly carried on by Acadians from Cape Breton and Nova Scotia. Recently improved implements have been introduced, hay is baled and fat cattle are now regularly shipped over the line to St. John's. Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Cape Breton are all considered fairly good agricultural countries, all contain plenty of barren land, so does Newfoundland, so does England. At the same time there is, especially in the river valleys as in Nova Scotia, a large proportion of really admirable soil, only waiting for the plough to make it bring forth abundantly the fruits of the earth. The land laws are liberal. Each settler not only obtains a free grant but a bonus for clearing the land. The distance from home is just half the length of the passage to New York.

Every second day you may write and receive letters from England by penny post. Crime in the island is practically unknown. In all new countries there are drawbacks and hardships for the new settler. He has to be industrious and work hard, rise early and take rest late. On the east coast spring is precarious and backward: on the west the climate resembles Nova Scotia and the Maritime Provinces. Summer is later all over America than in England. The winters in the island are milder than in Canada.

In Memory of GORDON

Khartoum, January 26, 1885.

THE crowning incident of the Egyptian Campaign was the Memorial Service held beneath the shadow of the ruins of Gordon's Palace at Khartoum after the Battle of Omdurman. The Sirdar and detachments from every Regiment of the British and Egyptian Army attended, and the Service was most touching and impressive.

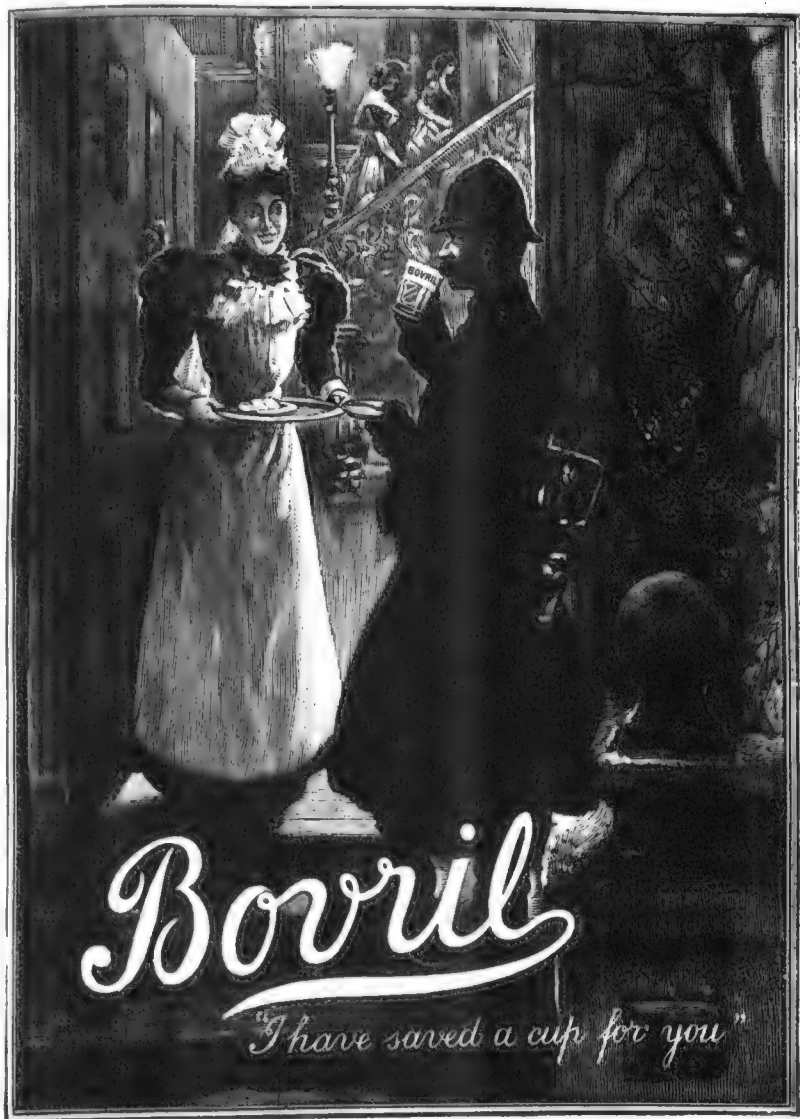
This ever-memorable historic event has been painted by Mr. Lance Calkin, assisted by Mr. Maud, the Special Artist who was present for the Proprietors of *The Graphic*.

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"A Winter's Tale."

Cold has to be combated even by the healthy and strong. To the weak and the ill-nourished it often proves a serious enemy. It searches out their assailable points, and imperils their health. Bovril is the best safeguard. It is not merely a stimulant to prop up the flagging spirits for the passing hour. It is a highly nourishing, strength-giving food. It warms and enriches the blood and infuses the whole frame with a natural resisting power. It thus helps the system to ward off the insidious attacks of disease rendered doubly dangerous by the intense cold. Chills, colds and kindred ailments are engendered in moments of weakness, undue fatigue, and when your spirits are low. The frame needs stimulation, nourishment. Bovril brings not only exhilaration to body and mind, it renews the strength, and gives to the system that power of resistance so essential in severe weather.

Bovril is Liquid Life.

Correct Pronunciation!

C=A=R=L=T=O=N=

Cholmondely
is pronounced
Chumley -

Abergavenny
is pronounced
Abergenny -

Raleigh
is pronounced
Rarley -

Liquor
is pronounced
Licker -

Talbot
is pronounced
Tolbut -

Æsophagus
is pronounced
Essofagus -

Norwich
is pronounced
Norridge -

AND

CLARKE'S CARLTON TOBACCO

is pronounced
INCOMPARABLE

CLARKE'S "CARLTON" TOBACCO possesses all the virtues which an ideal pipe tobacco should have. It is mild without being insipid—consequent upon its maturity and ripeness. It is cool and smokes dry, fragrant and pure, and is naturally sweet without added sweetness.

CLARKE'S "CARLTON" TOBACCO is Sold by all Tobacconists, Stores, &c., in 1-oz. Foil Packets, and in 2-oz., 4-oz., & 8-oz. Tins.



"JACK'S
THE BOY FOR
WORK
JACK'S
THE BOY FOR
PLAY."
ERS NAVY
CUT

PLAYER'S "NAVY CUT" is the ORIGINAL and the BEST. It is sold only in 1-oz. Packets, and in 2-oz., 4-oz., 8-oz. and 1-lb. Tins, which keep the Tobacco in fine smoking condition. Smokers are cautioned against imitations. Always ask for "PLAYER'S."



"Take care you don't fall, Mary!"

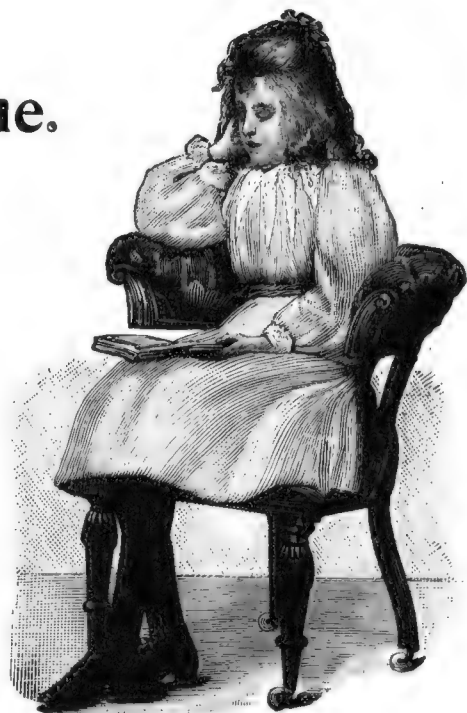
"All right, John. RONUK and I are used to being at the top of the ladder!"

The RONUK Sanitary Polishes are the Best in the World for Floors, Furniture, Linoleum, Boots and Bicycles. Polish, Preserve, Purify.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Health in the Home.

In the cold season the system requires more nourishment, more stimulation, than in summer time. The desired result is attained when for breakfast and supper ROWNTREE'S ELECT COCOA is used in the household. It imparts generous warmth, is highly strengthening and sustaining, and is a favourite both for flavour and for economy in use.



Rowntree's
ELECT Cocoa

Of all Grocers, Chemists, Confectioners, &c. In Tins, 6d., 9d., 1/6, and 3/.

RICH IN NUTRITIVE PROPERTIES "D.C.L." MALT EXTRACT.



The Distillers Company, Ltd., Edinburgh, are also the Sole Makers of the Celebrated

**'D.C.L.'
YEAST.**

Superior to all Baking Powders for making Bread, Buns, Cakes, &c. Booklet full of interesting information sent post free.

"THE ARMY'S BEST RECRUITER."

"D.C.L." MALT EXTRACT may be briefly described as a FOOD of the highest order of excellence for Nursing Mothers, Young Children, Invalids, and all others who are weakly or who suffer from Dyspepsia. In such cases it is strongly recommended by the medical faculty on account of its recuperative power and generally wholesome and nutritive properties. It can also be obtained combined with Cod Liver Oil, and in this form is highly recommended as a fortifier of the system against cold.

Adequate Sample Bottle sent on receipt of 3 Stamps to defray Postage and Packing. Can be had from all Chemists and Grocers. Popular prices, 1/-, 1/6, and 4/6 per Bottle. Do not take a substitute. "D.C.L." is the Cheapest as well as the Best.

Sole Manufacturers: THE DISTILLERS CO., LTD., EDINBURGH.

WALTHAM WATCHES

Twenty-five years ago the American Waltham Watch Company stated that "350,000 Waltham Watches are speaking for themselves in the pockets of the people." To-day 8,000,000 Waltham Watches are in use throughout the civilised world. Every valuable invention in watch-making has been tested and adopted by this Company during the past forty years. The factory is the largest and most complete establishment of the kind in this or any other country. The artisans are of expert skill and training; the machinery of almost incredible performance.

RESULT: WALTHAM WATCHES ARE THE MOST ACCURATE TIMEPIECES IT IS POSSIBLE TO MAKE.

The Company particularly recommends the movement engraved with the Trade Mark "RIVERSIDE," as being of high quality and within the means of every one.

THE LARGEST STOCK IN THE KINGDOM IS TO BE FOUND AT

H. W. BEDFORD'S, 67, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.
PRICE LIST FREE ON APPLICATION.



For Longhand, Shorthand, Pen-and-Ink Drawing, Music-Writing, indeed whenever a pen is necessary, use only this

SWAN FOUNTAIN PEN

Made in 3 Sizes at

10/6, 16/6, & 5/-

Up to 18 Guineas, post free.

DAVID WILLIAMSON, Esq., Editor of the *Windsor Magazine*, says:—"I wrote both my books on Gladstone with my beloved 'SWAN,' and not only these Volumes, but many columns lately which have had to be penned in railway carriages where your pen is just as excellent as when used on terra firma." May 28th, 1898.

Writes continuously for many hours.

For every writer in every land a necessity.

A pen as perfect as the inventive skill of the day can produce. Adds immeasurably to celerity and comfort in writing. It is the Best Pen by the World's Best Makers.

AVAIL YOURSELF OF THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY TO TRY "A SWAN."

Please send Steel Pen and Handwriting when ordering.

Obtain Illustrated Catalogue post free on Application to

MABIE, TODD & BARD,

93, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

95a, Regent St., London, & 3, Exchange St., Manchester.



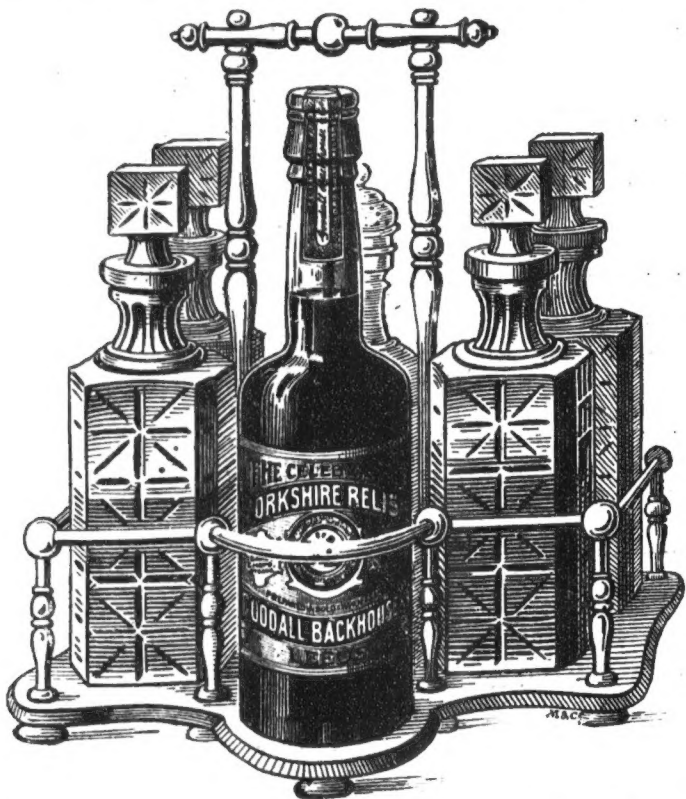
THE "Perfected" Cod-liver Oil is manufactured from FRESH and SELECTED LIVERS of the Cod Fish only at ALLEN & HANBURY'S factories in Norway. By the special processes employed all nauseous oxidation products are avoided, and the "PERFECTED" Oil can be borne and digested when other Cod-liver Oils are refused.

NOTICE.

ALLEN & HANBURY'S desire to state, as emphatically as possible, that their "Perfected" Cod-liver Oil is never supplied in bulk to be bottled by retail dealers, and that no Cod-liver Oil represented as being their Perfected is genuine unless sold in their original packages and bearing their Signature in white across the label, and their Trade Mark—a Plough.

Frequent misrepresentations render this caution necessary.

'The King of the Cruet.'



YORKSHIRE RELISH

THE MOST DELICIOUS SAUCE IN THE WORLD.

Makes the Plainest Viands Palatable and the Daintiest Dishes More Delicious. Enriches Soups, Stews, Chops, Steaks, Fish, etc.

Sold in Bottles, 6d., 1s., and 2s. each.

SOLE PROPRIETORS: GOODALL, BACKHOUSE, and CO., LEEDS.

WATSON'S MATCHLESS CLEANSER.

ENORMOUS PRIZE SCHEME

Distribution during the Three Months ending March 31st, 1899, of

12,000 or more Handsome Prizes, Value over **£5,000**

The principal **JANUARY WINNERS** will be published as early as possible in the February newspapers and journals.

LIST OF PRIZES TO BE COMPETED FOR EACH MONTH:

1	Cash Prize of £100	100	0	0	
4	Cash Prizes of £25	100	0	0	
8	Cash Prizes of £12 10s.	100	0	0	
16	Cash Prizes of £6 5s.	100	0	0	
20	Sewing Machines, value £5 each	100	0	0	
33	Cash Prizes of £3 each	99	0	0	COLLECT
100	Cash Prizes of £1 each	100	0	0	
200	Cash Prizes of 10s. each	100	0	0	YOUR
200	Ladies' Umbrellas, value 10s. each	100	0	0	
400	Cash Prizes of 5s. each	150	0	0	WRAPPERS
400	Ladies' Umbrellas, value 5s. each	100	0	0	
2,000	Boxes of our famous "Nubolic Soap," packed in fancy boxes containing 18 12-oz. Tablets, value 4s. per box	400	0	0	
1,000	Pictures of the famous "Charge of the Light Brigade," in gilt frame, value 4s. each	200	0	0	
4,582		per month	£1,749	0	0

CONDITIONS OF COMPETITION.

Cut off the top portion of wrapper, with the words Watson's Matchless Cleanser, and send, postage or carriage paid, to Joseph Watson and Sons, Limited, Whitehall Soap Works, Leeds, not later than either February 28th or March 31st. Wrappers arriving after April 1st will be valueless. Be careful to see that the full postage is paid. Any parcel arriving postage or carriage not being paid, will be refused. The prizes will be awarded in above order to the holders of the highest number of wrappers. The wrappers must be in bundles of 50, and each parcel must contain the full name and address of sender, and the number of wrappers sent must be marked on the same paper. The packages must be marked on the outside, "Prize Competition."

SPECIALLY NOTE: Wrappers of unsuccessful competitors will be added to those sent in by them in the following month. A list giving result of competition will be enclosed with each prize; when it is sent out. All possible speed in counting the wrappers will be made, and Joseph Watson and Sons, Limited, hope they will be able to despatch all prizes not later than the 21st day of the month following the competition. The decision of J. Watson and Sons, Limited, to be final. Every wrapper must have first contained soap. No employee of Joseph Watson and Sons, Limited, will be eligible.

WATSON'S MATCHLESS CLEANSER

has the Largest Sale of FULL-WEIGHT 1-lb. TABLETS in the World, and has proved itself to be one of the best Soaps ever used. Sold by all Grocers, Chemists, and Co-operative Stores throughout the United Kingdom.



THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the Hair from falling off.
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR. Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour. IS NOT a dye.
Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST OR HAIRDRESSER FOR
THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER,
Price 3s. 6d. per Bottle.

TO **Ladies**
all the most beautiful women use
CREME SIMON
M^{rs} ADELINA PATTI says:
« Have found it very a good indeed ».

For all irritations of the skin it is unequalled. Chaps, Redness, Roughness, disappear as if by magic. — Price: 1/3, 2/6, and 4/- per Pot.

J. SIMON, PARIS
LONDON, MERTENS, 63, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.
Chemists, Hairdressers, Perfumers and Stores.

BE SURE

In the Chancery Division recently, Mr. Justice Chitty, on the application of Mr. Lewis Edmunds, Q.C., granted a perpetual injunction, with costs, against a West Kensington Draper for

HINDE'S
passing off imitation Curlers and representing them as Hinde's.

HINDE'S Ltd., Manufacturers of Brushes and Articles of the Toilet.



From All Wine Merchants.
BEKMANN'S
(ST. PETERSBURG)
DRY AND RICH
KÜMMEL
OF THE TZARS
A DELICIOUS LIQUEUR
AND A SPLENDID DIGESTIVE.
Samples free from the Sole Agents—
A. BECKMANN & Co.,
47, Mark Lane, LONDON.

Carter's
Little
Liver
Pills



Is. 11d.
at Chemists.

Cure all Liver ills.

Exact size and shape of Package.



Wrapper printed blue on white.

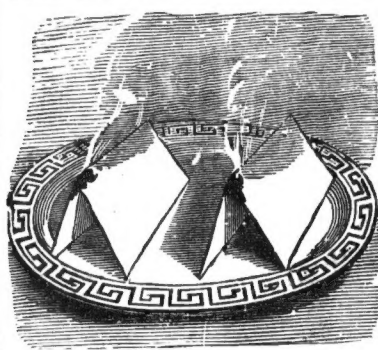
Cure Torpid Liver, Sallow Complexion,
Billious Headache.

BUT BE SURE THEY ARE CARTER'S.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are sometimes counterfeited. It is not enough to ask for "Little Liver Pills"; CARTER'S is the important word, and should be observed on the outside wrapper, otherwise the pills within cannot be genuine.
Do not take any nameless "Little Liver Pills" that may be offered. But be sure they are CARTER'S.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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For the Relief and Cure of

ASTHMA,
CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, and
BRONCHITIC ASTHMA.

The Lancet.—"A convenient and valuable remedy."
Dr. THOROWGOOD—"Pure spasmodic Asthma and Asthma due to Emphysema of the Lungs, with co-existent bronchitis, alike appear to be materially relieved by the Ozone Paper."
HARRISON WEIR, Esq.—"Your Ozone Paper has got rid of my Asthmatic affection. It is the only remedy which gave me permanent relief."
4s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. per box, of all Chemists; or from the Proprietors for the amount in stamps or P.O.O. to any Country within the Postal Union.
R. HUGGINS & Co., Chemists, 109, Strand, London.

OLD JUDGE TOBACCO

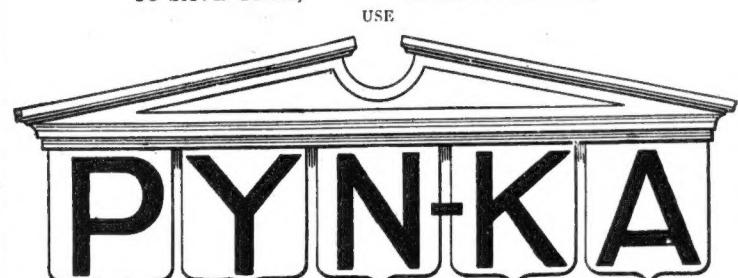
GIGARES DE JOY

(Joy's Cigarettes)
Immediately Relieve
ASTHMA, WHEEZING,
CHRONIC BRONCHITIS

Chemists & Stores, box of 35, 2/6, or Post Free from **WILCOX, 83, Mortimer St., London, W.**
TRIAL SAMPLE FREE.

To SAVE LABOUR,
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To SAVE TROUBLE,
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THE MARVELLOUS METAL POLISHER.

Pyn-ka glorifies gold, shines up silver, polishes plate, burnishes brass, makes copper radiant, and cleans tin, glass, &c., as nothing else can. A single pennyworth of Pyn-ka proves it, and will be found worth thrice as much compared with any other polish known. Paste or Tablets, 1d. to 6d., of all Dealers.

Never Fails.

Established
24 YEARS.

Have you a Cough?
A DOSE WILL RELIEVE IT.

Have you a Cold?
A DOSE AT BEDTIME WILL REMOVE IT.

Try it also for

Bronchitis, Asthma, Influenza,
Whooping-Cough, Consumption.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR

Owbridge's Lung Tonic

BE SURE YOU GET IT.

"I am happy to say that your Tonic constitutes my family medicine, and has for years I have found it invaluable as a practitioner and lecturer, and have constantly recommended it to my fellow ministers."

(Rev.) JOHN MATTHEWS, Fabian House, Swans a.

"I think it my duty to let Eathers know how valuable a medicine it is for the cure of colds. I have found invaluable benefit from it, and could not carry on my profession without it."

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Prepared by
W. T. OWBRIDGE, Chemist, Hall,

Sold everywhere
in bottles, at 1s. 11d., 2s. 9d.,
4s. 6d., and 11s.

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a Porous Plaster, and you know you want

ALLCOCK'S
so ask for
ALLCOCK'S
and insist on having
ALLCOCK'S
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Provost Oats are prepared in Scotland from the finest Scotch grain, and have the largest sale of Scotch Rolled Oats in the world, solely on their merits. Sold in 1 and 2-lb. packets by all Grocers and Food Dealers.



Provost Oats in exchange for 30 Coupons. A Coupon on every packet. Many thousands of these Porringers are given away.

THE GRAPHIC, FEBRUARY 4, 1899

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"THE GRAPHIC," in its now permanently enlarged form, deals picturesquely with all important events at Home and Abroad, thus forming an invaluable pictorial record.

The beautiful Series of Supplements in Colour, Tone, and Black and White, include Pictures by the most famous Old Masters and Modern Artists, chosen from the principal National and Private Collections of England and the Continent, and place a most delightful Gallery of Art within the reach of all.

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There is now open next door to the "DAILY GRAPHIC" Office a Permanent Exhibition and Sale-room of Original Black-and-White Drawings and Pen-and-Ink Sketches by Well-known Artists, of the Illustrations which have appeared either in the pages of "THE GRAPHIC" or the "DAILY GRAPHIC."

The prices are arranged to suit every purse, and the subjects embrace every imaginable incident, including Illustrations of Military, Naval, Political, Social, Municipal, Legal, Scientific, Theatrical, Musical, and Sporting Events from every part of the world.

ADMISSION FREE.

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**The Most Popular
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